



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

256 e. 14517

**FAMILIARIZED.** 61. And as the highest must yield when poverty strikes, so Fa last familiarized a station to her mind, which once little imagined would be her lot. 1774—1711.)

**FLASHY.** 188. . . . , and that kind which is known by the name of flashy: 1739—1823.)

**TO FLASH AWAY.** 153. . . . : no body upon what foundation he flashed away so (Not D., in the sense of "squander." It is in the sense of "show off.")

**FLASH OUT INTO.** p. 158. . . . : he was dent, and knew where his strength lay, and flashed out into conversation upon subject which he was not acquainted: (D. only 1711.)

**FOOTBOY.** 122. The foot-boy, . . . the only person on whom she could rely, . . . She wrote to him in as concise terms as possible and intrusted the letter to the foot-boy. (D. 1837—1711.)

**PETITIONARY.** 146. . . . , who despised for his abject submissions, and petitionary ters; (D. not 1855—1738.)

**TAVERN-FAVOURITE.** 148. Amongst the regulars of his coffee-house and tavern-favourites was Muskerri, who had a wonderful facility in course, and a coincidence of thinking with liams: (Not D.)

**TAVERN-FRIEND.** 163. . . . , he was received with great eclat by all his tavern friends, (Not D.)

**WAITING-MAID.** 203. In the morning, as her waiting-maid left her, (Not D., under the name of "Aporniakina") With the Eskimo greeting, "Aporniakina" let this be left waiting here.

EDWARD S. DODGSON

31 October, 1916.

### THOMAS GORDON: WHEN BORN?

To the Editor of the "Oxford Chronicle."  
SIR,—The Dictionary of National Biography refers to Thomas Gordon as dead in 1750: but leaves the date of his birth an open question. It does not mention among his works "The Humorous Essays upon Several Subjects," dedicated to James O'Hara, Lord Tyrrawley, and Killmainham, which is recorded in the same collection. However, p. 165 of volume 1 of that work he refers to himself as aged 29. That volume being published in 1720 it is clear that he was born in 1691.

Feb. 7, 1917.

EDWARD S. DODGSON

To the Editor of the "Oxford Chronicle."

SIR,—The Bodleian Library contains "The History of Fanny Seymour. The Second Edition. London: Printed for T. Lowndes, at No. 77, in Fleet-Street. 1769," with a dedication "To Miss Vaughan," who is addressed as "Madam." I am informed by the Keeper of the Printed Books in the British Museum that that collection contains only the first edition of this book, published in London, in 1753, and dedicated to "Teraminta." Who was she? At the end of the second edition there is a list of "Books printed for T. Lowndes," filling eight pages, which has its interest for Bibliographers. Having noted in this novel many details which recall both that of William Toldervy, which I described in the "Oxford Chronicle" of April 7, 1916, and "Zoriada," which I there attributed to him tentatively, I proceeded to study its vocabulary, with the hope of identifying the writer more decidedly. I will enumerate here not those numerous coincidences, but the following 14 words which are interesting to perusers of the Oxford Dictionary, hereinafter called "D."

BEAR (=uncultivated), page 161. . . . ; he was rude in his behaviour, ungenteel in his person; and, in short, a perfect country bear. (D. only 1579, 1751, 1832, 1855.)

CHARACTERISTICAL. p. 78. . . . : she was not ignorant of the characteristical beauties of the most eminent authors; (D. not 1826—1749. This "History" is characteristical of the England of King George II., when S. Johnson was booking words.)

DISCHARGE (=prohibit) 72. "Our name! replied Mr. Blandford, I have already discharged her from assuming it; (D. not 1881—1716.)

DISTRACT. 16 . . . and the thoughts of running in debt again with a woman of such severe temper, quite distracted her. 20 . . . , a circumstance which would have distracted any husband of the least humanity. 119 . . . but what were those thoughts when compared to these which now distract me! (Not D. 1777—1673., in this sense of "drive mad.")

DISTRACTION. 95. . . . , her hair dishevelled, and all the marks of distraction and violence about her. 101. Seymour was a little composed, when the appearance of Hewit, . . . roused him to fresh distraction. 203 . . . ; her poor mistress lay weltering in her blood, her eyes had distraction in them, and she spoke the language of madness. 253. . . . ; he began to believe Miss Wasp, and was driven almost to distraction. (Perhaps worth adding to D., in the sense of "craziness," "excitement.")



*The Wicked borroweth & payeth not again.*

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
FANNY SEYMOUR.

---

——— *Quis talia fando*  
*Temperet à lachrymis?*

VIRG.

Compassion proper to Mankind appears,  
Which Nature witness'd when she lent us tears.

TATE.

---

THE SECOND EDITION.

---

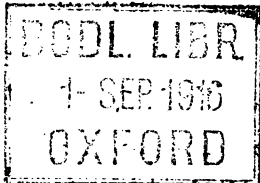


---

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. LOWNDES, at No. 77, in Fleet-Street.

MDCCLXIX.



~~Mary~~  
Mary Phenix

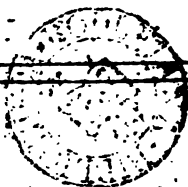
her Book steal not  
this book for fear of  
shame for fear you see  
the owners name

Mary Phenix

Mary Phenix Her Book  
steal not this book for fear  
of shame for fear you see  
the owners name

Mary Phenix

256 e. 14517



T O

Miss VAUGHAN.

M A D A M,

**N**OTHING can give greater pleasure to the mind of a benevolent man, than paying to merit the tribute of admiration ; and I may venture to assert, that the pleasure is greatly heightened, when the excellence he admires is found in a female character. Few have hearts sufficiently adamant to resist the influence of beauty ; and none were ever so lost to sensibility as not to confess its power, when accompanied with the mental graces, which throw an additional lustre over it, and give it a permanence beyond the attacks of time or infirmity.

## DEDICATION.

infirmity. Whoever has seen you, must necessarily be induced to confess the power of beauty ; and whoever has conversed with you will make no hesitation in declaring the influence of a cultivated understanding. It is no wonder then, that one who has the happiness of your friendship should be solicitous to obtain your approbation : And I cannot resist this impulse of my vanity, in supposing that the offer I make you of the following sheets, will contribute towards it.

As I cannot suffer myself to doubt your candour, in perusing this first attempt of an artless, unexperienced writer, so I am persuaded you will discover many blemishes in the conduct of my design, which is not so easy as at first I imagined ; but if I am not much deceived, I have a friend in your heart which will plead my cause even against the errors of my judgment. That friend  
is

## DEDICATION.

is a generous compassion for those engage in the cause of virtue, the Nature may have denied them sufficient abilities to plead it with advantage, am an enemy to whatever has the appearance of adulation ; and lest that tribute of praise, which might be to you, should be supposed to flow so mean a principle, I entirely decline panegyric, for which the materials so ample, that he must be cursed extraordinary stupidity who could succeed.

When I was last happy in an interview with you, I think the conversation turned upon the many dismal consequences which arise to society from false marriages ; and, if I am not mistaken, Madam, it was an observation of yours, That they often extend themselves to innocent posterity, and children are condemned to be unhappy by means of the inclination which subsisted between

## DEDICATION.

parents. Upon this observation the following history is built ; and if I have been able to do justice to the incidents, the distress arising from this cruel cause will appear truly deplorable. If it can administer any amusement to you, and inspire my fair readers with a contempt for those characters from which so many of them derive their ruin, I shall think I have not written in vain ; for surely to prevent youth and innocence from falling into the snares which wanton libertinism spreads for them, is a pleasure so refined and genuine, that a delicate mind is sufficiently recompensed for the trouble in exhibiting the scenes. Suffer me to inform you, that the following history is built on facts, which happened to an amiable character, with whom I have the honour of a particular intimacy ; and I am the more disposed to communicate this, as it may remove the force of a criticism which your nice discernment will

## DEDICATION

will naturally make, viz. that the  
tresses into which my heroine is th  
are too much of the same cast. O  
objection I am abundantly sensible  
the cause of it proceeded from a  
of representing facts as they happ  
Had I been left to the freedom of  
I might have diversified her story, v  
perhaps would have proved more e  
taining to the reader, but could n  
well have answered the design I  
posed, by drawing into light the  
misfortunes of this amiable lady.

Before I conclude, suffer me,  
dam, to acknowledge the many  
gations I owe you; obligations no  
deed of the mercenary but of a  
higher nature, namely, for those en  
ing moments of conversation spent  
ther. This still gallantry has yield  
me those pleasures on recollectio  
which they, who are unacquainted  
ideal joys, must be ever strangers.

## **D E D I C A T I O N.**

many of these hours be yet in reserve for us; and may I long be happy in the friendship of one so capable of heightening the pleasures of life by intellectual improvement, and of soothing its pressures by the most engaging tenderness, flowing from no other cause but that which has its basis on innocence.

Yours, &c.

The **AUTHOR.**

**T H E**





THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
FANNY SEYMOUR.

SOME time ago, there lived in the North of England two families, who counted their ancestry from the Conquest: One of them was wealthy, the other of an inferior fortune. Simon was the eldest son of the rich family, who, in consequence of his being heir to a very great estate, and of a heavy, dull disposition, did not think proper to take any pains to cultivate his mind, but remained at home, heedless of every accomplishment.

B

## 2 THE HISTORY OF

ment that throws a lustre upon opulent circumstances.

He had a brother who was the reverse of him : this amiable youth discovered in a very early age a true taste for letters : his genius was sprightly, his temper the sweetest in the world, and his mind raised above every mean consideration. As he was a younger brother, it was fit he should be bred to some employment ; and finding his taste lead him to the study of eloquence, he resolved to become a lawyer ; and had so violent a propension to shine as an orator, that he was determined to surmount the drudgery of studying the law, in hopes of one day making a figure at the bar. In consequence of indulging this taste, he was sent to London, and placed in the Temple.

Dorinda was not only genteel with respect to the antiquity of her family, but more than genteel, by adding to birth all the advantages which a fine education can bestow, with the happy circumstance of strong, natural parts. Her mother was the daughter of a general officer, and her father a man, who, in the early part of his life, had been a traveller, and, by seeing almost all countries worth visiting, returned to his own perfectly accom-  
plished

plished in the several excellencies which form a gentleman; and as he was likewise a scholar, there was not to be found in all England a man of more general attainments, and more unexceptionable morals.

It is easy to guess what sort of education was bestowed upon Dorinda: she was the daughter her father doated on; her mother, who loved her excessively, both on account of her wit and beauty, did every thing in her power to improve her mind, to set off the graces of her person, and render her agreeable to all who should converse with her.

The young Dorinda had suitors without number, many of whom were rejected by the authority of her father, who thought them unequal to his daughter's merit, though he had no great fortune to bestow upon her.

Amongst the rest of her suitors Simon was one, whose courtship was as unpolite as the other part of his conduct; and his whole deportment being awkward, he never was able to insinuate himself into Dorinda's favour; nor could her father's judgment much approve the addresses of a man, whom he himself held in contempt: but it happened that Simon was in love with Dorinda, and, tho' she gave him no

## THE HISTORY OF

encouragement, still he was importunate, and could not desist from his courtship. Dorinda hated him, because he was rude; he despised him, because he was ignorant; and she endeavoured to resist him, because he presumed upon the greatness of his fortune to be impertinent.

There is certainly a great unhappiness necessarily attending a low fortune. Dorinda's mother, who had no higher opinion of Simon's understanding than her husband, nevertheless began to incline to the match: she considered what advantage would arise from an union between the two families; that the wealth of Simon's would be in a great measure transferred to her own; and that, by having her daughter wedded to so great a fortune, she would strengthen the interest of her own family. These motives of interest and convenience over-ballanced those of another sort: she set her heart upon the match, and encouraged Simon to pursue his addresses to her daughter.

Dorinda frequently remonstrated against the fate to which she now saw herself doomed: she fell at her mother's feet, and intreated her not to sacrifice her peace, and her happiness, by condemning her to the arms of a man she never could love,  
and

## FANNY SEYMOUR

and even hated. But such, it seem the earnestness of the lady, and fluence over her husband, that prevailed upon him to give his consent. This united authority produced the most blessed nuptials. Dorinda was satisfied. Simon made happy, the two families were united, a general joy was diffused amongst all their relations, and they wept but the miserable bride.

Poor Dorinda essayed, however, to concile, if possible, her affections to her lord: she now considered him as her husband, and what she could not effect by voluntary liking, she endeavoured to effect from considerations of duty. She did not so much to hate Simon, but yet found it impossible to love him: she was incapable of holding any conversation with her in matters of elegance and his understanding reached no farther than the affairs of his estate, the country, the order, and rural sports. The lady was acquainted with all kinds of fashionable conversation: Addison, Dryden, Pope, and Milton had more charms to her, than a country people, who had no other ideas than those they received in the small circle of acquaintance, who had never heard of such renowned names, or who, at

## 6 THE HISTORY OF

little understood the excellencies of those authors.

Simon behaved to her, though not with much delicacy, at least with as much civility as was in his nature. His parents dying soon after the marriage, he was in full possession of his fortune; and this circumstance occasioned his younger brother, who had been six years absent from the family-seat, to pay him a visit, at once to congratulate him on his marriage, and condole with him for the death of their parents. His arrival proved fatal to poor Dorinda. Philander, for that was his name, who, as I have already observed, had all the accomplishments of a fine natural genius, was now greatly improved by seeing the world, mixing in fashionable company, and having his ideas enlarged by the politest conversation which the town could afford. Besides these mental endowments, never was man blessed with a finer person: his air and manner were excessively alluring, and Nature, in her kindness to him, seemed to have exhausted her power.

When he left the country, Dorinda was too young to imbibe any impression of love, though now too fatally she found herself sensible of that passion: but then  
the

the object of her love ! — This was an alarm to her heart : she started at incest ; —endeavoured, if possible, not to suffer herself to feel any emotion for a man she could not love, without sinking into a degree of perdition at which nature shudders. Philander, indeed, was not so much struck at the first interview with his sister : he was just come from town, where the attention is dissipated by variety, and a man seldom falls in love with one beauty, because he is surrounded by multitudes. As yet he had not any opportunity of an unreserved conversation, nor had Dorinda given him any proofs of the superiority of her understanding ; for she shunned the occasion of conversing with him, because she too much dreaded him, and chose rather to be innocent with the brother she did not love, than to be guilty, or appear so, with the brother she could not help admiring.

One day, however, while Simon was engaged in fox-hunting, Philander, who, through a slight indisposition, did not attend the party, surprized his sister in tears in the garden. He was alarmed at her distress, and earnestly pressed to know the reason of it. She concealed the real cause by assigning a fictitious one, and, in order to remove any suspicions that

such a circumstance might create, she assumed an air of cheerfulness, and entered freely into conversation. The justness of her observations, the acuteness of her remarks, her happy facility in speaking, and graceful expression, a thousand times more surprized him, than finding her in tears. He was astonished, how so noble a creature could make choice of his brother, whom he knew, by his natural disposition and want of culture, to be ~~unfit~~ for so amiable a partner, and began to be jealous of his own heart, lest unhappily a passion might be engendered there, which he knew must never be gratified, nor could not even be indulged without the highest aggravation of guilt. But, oh! how strong is the force of admiration, and how true is it, that *friendship with woman is sister to love?*

Philander, who had a right to shew more tenderness to Dorinda, as being his sister, than otherwise he could prudently have done, endeavoured to disguise his passion under a mask of friendship, and indeed to check it as much as possible, but found it too powerful for him; and he began to be of opinion, that he had no safety but in flight; and yet that flight he could not contemplate without a degree



## FANNY SEYMOUR.

degree of distraction. The beauties Dorinda, which did not at first forcibly strike him, gained more and more ground as he conversed with her; and, notwithstanding his efforts, he came deeply in love. Dorinda was insensible of the influence she had upon him, and foresaw the consequences of a guilty flame: the small regard she before had for her husband, was now totally lost, or rather transferred to an amiable brother.

There are few natures so extremely stupid, as not to be susceptible of jealousy; and a man, who, upon many other occasions, acts as if he were without passions, discovers the heart of a lion, when this fury once seizes upon him. Simon was able to discern Philander's fondness for his wife; he was able likewise to discern his extreme indifference towards her, and vowed revenge against both. He was cunning enough to give opportunities, but never could detect guilt; nor had either Philander or Dorinda violated their honour, however dangerous the situation was; for Philander had much honesty to offer freedom to a married lady, especially his brother's wife, and Dorinda had too much modesty

betray any signs that his addresses would be agreeable.

Simon, disappointed in detecting his wife's infidelity, and his brother's baseness, was notwithstanding too uneasy to remit his resolutions of violence and revenge against them. He complained to Dorinda's parents. He dressed up, as well as he could, a tale of misery, and charged their daughter with the most enormous pollution. Let parents judge, what a thunderbolt this must be to their hearts : all their golden prospects vanished at once, and the hopes of their old age were dashed in pieces. An interview between Dorinda's parents, Philander and her, was immediately effected. Simon stood the accuser : he opened the causes of his suspicion ; he enumerated the several times he had found them together engaged in conversation : he added, that Dorinda was now with child, that he disclaimed the father in it, and heaped upon her the epithets of prostitution.

While this sunk the parents into the greatest misery, it roused the fury of Philander, and the indignation of Dorinda : nothing but the consideration of tenderness for his sister could have prevented Philander's resentment from falling heavy upon  
upon

upon Simon, whom he declared had meanly accused him, and supported his base allegations by falsehood.

The consequence was, he took his leave, hurried to town, and, with the utmost concern, left Dorinda to the fury of her husband, the taunts of her neighbours, and the slander of the vulgar; all which fell upon her without mercy, as soon as her story was known in the country. But it was not without the most affectionate and tender protestation of respect, that Philander at this time took leave; he was willing to have continued at his brother's house, till the storm of jealousy was over; but he considered that his sudden departure would be one means of removing suspicions. Dorinda saw it in that light, and was content to lose the company of his brother, provided she should appear innocent in the eyes of her husband. Her parents abandoned her as a wretch, who had drawn down disgrace upon her family; suspicions were strong against her, and Simon failed not, upon every occasion, when a quarrel happened between them, to desire her to go to his brother, reproached her with infidelity, and inflicted yet a severer discipline than that of the tongue.

for the cruel monster beat her, nor spared; on account of her condition and the tenderness of her sex, the severest application of his power.

One evening as she was stepping into bed, a jealous pang seized him, and, without any immediate provocation, he threw her down, dashed her head against the floor, and unmercifully kicked her. It is easy to imagine, that this circumstance not a little affected the heart of Dorinda: she resolved next morning to make her escape, and under the disadvantages of being pregnant, and her character torn to pieces, chose rather to throw herself naked upon the world, than to bear any longer the insolence and barbarous treatment of a cruel husband, who, in all probability, would one time or other put an end to her life. This she meditated, but yet the meditation had horror in it. Destitute and friendless, where could she go? Her condition was the most deplorable in the world, and her hour of labour fast approached. In this situation, she bethought her of addressing her father, protesting her innocence of what was laid to her charge, and begging his assistance to relieve her from her insufferable anguish.

Her

Her father, who felt the most violent struggles between tenderness and indignation, for he was not yet satisfied of her innocence, vented himself in sighs, which none but the heart of a parent could breathe. Before he had resolved upon any measures of providing for her, and rescuing her from her husband's fury, he inclosed a bank note of twenty pounds, and wrote to her, without being aware of the consequence, in the following terms :

“ My Dorinda,

“ I AM not yet satisfied of your innocence : I know not what I shall do till  
 “ I consult your mother. The inclosed  
 “ may be of service, should you think  
 “ proper to desert your husband. You  
 “ are an unhappy, lost girl, and have  
 “ made me a melancholy parent.”

Yours, &c.

Not all the insults she had met with from Simon, the persecutions of tongues and the overwhelmings of shame had ever so much affected her, as did this letter  
 from

from her father. She had conceived great hopes of his relenting, and by taking her again into his protection, effect her deliverance from the cruel yoke under which she groaned. But this cold indifference, this total alienation of her father's affection struck her to the soul : but her spirit was great : she resolved never again to expose herself to the resentment of Simon : she was wrapt up in her innocence : she trusted that Heaven would never abandon the guiltless, and in this frame of spirit, she communicated to a trusty servant her resolution of flying. But, good God ! where should she fly ?—Infamy, beggary, and disgrace, were before her : she knew the ill-natured world would construe her desertion into an acknowledgment of guilt, and that she must bear all the whips of exasperated malice. Full of these distractions, however, she hastened to London, in hopes to find in the metropolis, the compassion which her parents denied her, and which those who were more intimately concerned in her distress, thought her unworthy of receiving.



## C H A P. II.

**N**O sooner was she arrived at London, than, in order to secure her innocence, she made it her business to get a lodging in a house of the best reputation for sobriety. The people of the inn recommended her to Mrs. Morely, where some young ladies boarded, which was an inviting circumstance for Dorinda. As soon as they came to an interview, Mrs. Morely inquired into her family, and the particular circumstance of her pregnancy; to which Dorinda gave satisfactory answers, though she disguised her story, and assumed the name of Milward. In this house, Dorinda continued some weeks in the greatest perturbation of mind: her money, by the expences of travelling, was almost exhausted, and being without the means of procuring more, she spent many uneasy hours in painful reflexions on her circumstances. The time of her labour drew near, when Mrs. Morely willing to take the advantage of her

## 156 THE HISTORY OF

her approaching delivery, told her, that she could not let her lodgings so cheap to one in her condition, as to another lady; and, while she put her in mind of what was already due, she insisted upon doubling her rent. This struck Dorinda to the heart like a thunderbolt. The discharging of her lodging almost exhausted her whole stock, and the thoughts of running in debt again with a woman of such severe temper, quite distracted her. However, she resolved to leave Mrs. Morely, and accordingly gave her warning.

Thus a stranger in town, without money, friends or acquaintance, Dorinda was again reduced to provide herself with new lodgings. She had but one expedient for her relief, and that was to make her case known to Philander, who was then in town; but she could not reconcile her mind to this. He was the suspected person, and should it ever be known that she had seen him, since she had deserted her husband, she imagined there would be too much foundation to fix the stain upon her: she therefore rejected this expedient. She had too great a spirit to make her condition known to her relations, and was resolved never to apply to her parents;



rents, till she was convinced of their reconciliation, and that they believed her innocent. Though she was in mean circumstances, her appearance was genteel, and her air engaging. When she went to enquire for lodgings at a low price, she was rejected as a cheat, or dreaded as one of those unhappy creatures, whom the treachery of men renders infamous; and at last, by promising an extravagant price to an old gentlewoman, whose bread depended upon such extortion, she was received.

When her labour came on, a man-midwife was called, who took care of her in that emergency, provided her with a nurse, and informing himself of her circumstances, and being charmed with her person, he suffered her not, in that gloomy period, to languish without comfort. A daughter was born the second week of her coming into her lodging, and the mother expressed an inclination that the child should be named Fanny. Dorinda, who was not much acquainted with the world, and who was soon seized by the address and politeness of any person who put on the appearance of civility, was much charmed with the behaviour of Mr. Blandford, the gentleman who attended her. She

She was under obligations to him, and she dreaded him, when the time should come, that, with the recovery of her health, she should be restored to all her charms. She communicated to him the circumstance of having a quarrel with her husband, but concealed his name and fortune. Blandford, who was a man of the strictest honour, presumed upon no freedoms his profession did not warrant him to take, and he was so much in love with the conversation of Dorinda, that he resolved to use all the art he was master of to promote her happiness; but while this benevolent man was planning schemes for the felicity of his patient, his hopes were defeated: suddenly she was taken ill, which put a period to her life, in the twentieth year of her age. Being acquainted with her circumstances, he gave orders for her funeral at his own expence, and from the same benevolent disposition that excited him to extend his care to the mother, he took the infant under his protection. /et

Thus died in obscurity, and obliged to the bounty of a stranger, poor Dorinda, whose virtues were great, whose honour was untainted, and whose charms were sufficient to entitle her to the admiration of the world. How many evils necessarily

rily flow from forced marriages! of which this is an affecting instance. Poor Dorinda suffered by it, who was at once the pride and ornament of her sex.

Mr. Blandford was a gentleman in easy circumstances; he had by his employment a very handsome income, and being a bachelor, he was capable of doing more extensive works of charity, than if he had been incumbered with a family. He made no scruple of owning that he took care of this infant, and declared, that while he lived she should never want any thing necessary for her support, and that he would give her a genteel education. This made his laughing friends rally him, upon the topick of a bastard, and alledged that there was a very good reason why he should extend his care to the orphan. Blandford had no objection to his friends believing this, as it gave him the better pretence to provide for her education; besides, a kind of fashionable pride, which some people have in being thought the parents of children irregularly propagated, had some weight with him, and induced him to declare her to be his own.

It will not be amiss now to return to the country, and take a view of the family.

mily which Dorinda left much perplexed about her fate. No sooner had her parents heard of her elopement, than all the severity they had before exercised towards her subsided into tenderness, heightened by those hardships which she had already suffered, and probably was then suffering. This tenderness of her parents resulted in a settled hatred to Simon, whose cruel usage had occasioned this severe trial of affliction.

Her mother for some time continued in a state of lunacy, and underwent unspeakable tortures of mind, for having by her authority and influence effected the hated nuptials, and doomed her poor child to the arms of an unpolished tyrant. Simon was too heavy and vindictive in his nature to be much troubled with any distress; and, as his revenge was not yet satisfied, he felt very little uneasiness for the absence of his wife, a circumstance which would have distracted any husband of the least humanity. All possible means were used for the recovery of the deserted wife, but in vain. No sooner did Philander hear of this melancholy circumstance, but he immediately posted to the country to condole with her parents, and to clear himself of the suspicion of having  
seen

seen her. Once he took his leave, at his brother's house. In order to remove the least appearance of guilt, though he felt the sincerest grief for Dorinda, he thought proper, in about six months after, to marry a lady of family, not so much from the impulse of passion, as a desire of appearing innocent in the eyes of the world, in a matter of so solemn importance. Nothing is more true than that time is the sovereign cure of grief. The parents of Dorinda, having long in vain wished the restoration of their daughter, at last gave up all hopes of it, and fixed their affections upon a younger sister, who was in person very much like her, and doated with double fondness upon the living image of their lost child. But as this young lady will afterwards make some figure in these Memoirs, it will not be amiss to draw her character here.

I have already observed, that Mira was like her sister, and consequently extremely handsome; but, if she approached her sister in the graces of person, she had not in her nature the seeds of so many virtues: she fell much short of her in the amiable dispositions, for which Dorinda has been already celebrated. Mira was then about fifteen years of age, a time when the principles

principles of the heart begin to discover themselves. She was naturally of quite a different temper from Dorinda: she was passionate, jealous and vindictive, and the least affront offered to her pride, excited her to anger, and there never was a time when it subsided. She did not indeed immediately let the fury of her temper appear, but with wonderful command could curb its impetuosity, and wait a favourable opportunity to vent it. She was possessed of the most artful cunning: she could dress her face in smiles, while her heart was burning with sensations, which are indeed punishment enough to those who feel them. Her character cannot be better illustrated than by the following story.

She one day surprized one of the maids in tears; and asking her the reason of it, the girl honestly answered, because no account could be heard of her dear, dear mistress, as she called her. Mira knew she was weeping for Dorinda, on whom all her servants doated with a fondness, which none but a lady of the most amiable temper, and delicate humanity, can ever produce from her inferiors. Mira hated the maid for her anxiety about her late mistress, as it paid no compliment to her:  
she

she turned away seemingly concerned ; but this was an offence not to be forgiven. The unhappy maid, some months after, felt the consequence of her tenderness. It happened that the poor creature, surprised in an hour of frailty, yielded to the embraces of a footman in the family. Mira, by her spies, was soon made acquainted with the intrigue, which she ordered the servants to conceal from the knowledge of her parents, lest the girl should lose her place. This command was carefully obeyed, till within a few weeks of the time when Mira imagined her labour would come on ; she then took an opportunity to represent the whole affair to her mamma, with aggravated circumstances of wantonness in the girl, and likewise accused her of theft. Her mamma, who believed this account, immediately ordered her to be discharged ; and as Mira insisted upon the theft, got her sent to prison, where she languished in poverty ; and in that calamitous condition was brought to bed of a dead child. This is an instance of wanton cruelty, which will sufficiently account for those other particularities of conduct which will appear before the conclusion of this history.



## C H A P. III.

WE are now to return to Miss Fanny, whose childhood gave pre-  
 sages of such accomplishments, as would afterwards make a great noise in the world  
 of gallantry. Mr. Blandford was delighted to see, in the face of his young favourite,  
 the ineffable sweetness of her mother: she had all her melting fondness in her  
 eyes, and her air and behaviour were so extremely engaging, that it was impossi-  
 ble for any person to look at this early excellence, without feeling an emotion,  
 which, if it cannot be called love, yet is of that species, because it is inexpressibly  
 tender. Mr. Blandford deoted on her, and, as she grew in years, he took care  
 to cultivate her mind so that she might enter the world with all the advantages  
 education can bestow.

Miss Fanny, besides her mother's beauty, inherited her understanding, and gave  
 strong specimens that she would not be  
 less



less eminent for her wit than personal accomplishments. She was now in her twelfth year, and was admired (at a boarding-school, where Mr. Blandford placed her as his own child) as one of those promising flowers, which would soon blossom into the perfection of beauty.

She had hardly passed her fourteenth year, till, inspired by the admiration of the world, she began to be too conscious of her own charms, and, by behaving with too much superiority, she incurred the displeasure of some of the young ladies, who dreaded her as a rival. As yet she was unacquainted with the story of her birth, and believed herself Mr. Blandford's lawful child; but an unlucky accident, which gave her no small uneasiness, made her inquire into it.

The mistress of the boarding-school, who resided about a quarter of a mile from town, having been one day to pay a visit to a relation in the Strand, where a grave physician used sometimes to drink tea; the conversation happened to turn upon the boarding-school, when the old lady gave a minute detail of her pupils, and mentioned Miss Blandford with some emotion, and described her as being such an accomplished beauty, that her situa-

tion at the boarding-school began to be dangerous. The grave physician asking her, "whose daughter she was?" she answered, "Mr. Blandford's in P——."

"Has he a daughter, replied the doctor, "so beautiful? I have known Mr. Blandford, by attending the same coffee-house, many years: I heard that he was lately addressing a lady upon matrimonial terms." "He is a widower," answered the lady: I should not be fond that this sweet girl should be awed by a stepmother." "A widower!" returned the Doctor, a batchelor you mean, madam: he was never married: I am certain he never was." "Impossible! not married! replied she: he always told me that he was married, that his wife died when his child was young, and that, out of regard to her memory, he would never marry again." "O! says the doctor, you mean the affair of the orphan. Ay, madam, she is his daughter indeed, whose mother is said to have been very handsome: but who she was, has remained an impenetrable secret."

The old lady was much surprized at this relation, though, at first, she intended to have suspended her assent to it, till further

further evidence appeared: but, by what fatality I know not, some women are born to reveal secrets; at least, first to imagine them, and afterwards to divulge them.

The venerable matron was impatient to get home, in order to communicate this discovery to her favourites in the family, and relate it to them as a profound secret. The first she made choice of to unburthen her breast to, was Mrs. Martha Chattermuch, a gentlewoman-assistant in the boarding-school. Mrs. Martha was likewise in labour till she was delivered of the secret, and in short, it was told from one to another, till at last the young ladies in the boarding-school became acquainted with it, who failed not to improve the circumstance against Miss Fanny, and refused to associate with her, as being base-born. Some of them were indelicate enough to upbraid her with it, and told her she had a consummate assurance to rank herself with them, whose Mamma's had frequently come to see them, and there was no suspicion as to their birth.

The story produced much uneasiness to Miss: she was often found weeping, and at last, made complaints to her mistress, who

who advised her to address her Papa upon that head, who was the only person capable of clearing up the matter, and prevent her from being affronted for the future.

With a heart bursting with sorrow, the next time poor Fanny saw her supposed father, she told him her little griefs, with such a sweet air of innocence, that she won his affection more by that circumstance of distress, and engaged it firmer than before. He immediately took her away from that boarding-school, and placed her at another, where we shall leave her till a material incident in the life of Mr. Blandford shall be disclosed.



#### C H A P. IV.

**M**R. Blandford was still a bachelor, for he was above the consideration of marrying for money; and as yet, except in the case of Dorinda, he had never

vet been much seized with the passion of love.

One day, however, he was invited to a private ball, where some ladies of fortune were present, amongst whom was Miss Wentworth, a person about the age of thirty. She had a dignity in her manner, that was very striking, and a softness in her conversation, that tempered the severity of virtue which appeared in her conduct. He was charmed with her, and, the first moment he saw her, he fell in love, and made his addresses to her with a politeness peculiar to him.

After the first ceremonies of courtship were over, Mr. Blandford made a declaration of his passion to Miss Wentworth, and met with returns which were sufficiently inviting to encourage him to renew his addresses. At last he succeeded to his wish, and married the object of his passion, with the consent of all her relations. All this was transacted without the knowledge of Miss Fanny, who had the greatest reason to have been interested in it.

Without being made acquainted with her supposed father's marriage, Miss Fanny one day came to pay her duty to him, who had forgot to forbid her coming still

he gave her directions, and ran to his arms with her usual fondness. He received her with great tenderness, but, at the same time, was not a little concerned to observe, with how much coldness his wife behaved to her, as much as to give him to understand that she suspected the connection between them, and that, for the future, no such marks of kindness should be shewn her.

No sooner had Miss Fanny taken her leave, than the conversation of Mr. Blandford and his wife turned upon that unfortunate orphan, whom the latter treated with the most abusive severity.

Mr. Blandford's eyes were now sufficiently open to discern the spirit of his wife, which promised him no great felicity in the matrimonial state. "I tell you, says she, Mr. Blandford, I will not suffer this girl to come to the house, nor assume your name: I know not why base-born children should be educated to such hopes: They ought to learn early what their condition in life is, and prepare themselves accordingly. It is really monstrous, and an encouragement to vice, and violates the good order of society, to rank those children who come into the world by  
" the

“ the shame of their parents, with those  
 “ who are the issue of wedlock.” “ My  
 “ dear, says Mr. Blandford, it cannot be  
 “ imputed to the poor children as a crime,  
 “ that their parents had not the sanction  
 “ of the church : we might as well blame  
 “ a woman for being ugly, or a man for  
 “ being dull, as the innocent offspring of  
 “ an unlawful bed, for a crime to which  
 “ they gave no consent. You know they  
 “ are born without any legal claim upon  
 “ their parents, and consequently ought  
 “ to have more care taken of them, as a  
 “ man of honour will not decline fulfil-  
 “ ling his promise, because there is no  
 “ law to oblige him. Why are debts  
 “ contracted at play, called debts of ho-  
 “ nour ? and why do people of condi-  
 “ tion so punctually pay them ? but be-  
 “ cause there is no law by which they can  
 “ be recovered. Base-born children,  
 “ therefore, are in this sense the children  
 “ of honour ; and can he have any huma-  
 “ nity in him, who can suffer his own off-  
 “ spring to perish ? let them look up in  
 “ vain for the sustenance of life ? No, he  
 “ cannot sure !” At these words Mrs.  
 Blandford interrupted him ; “ Offspring  
 “ — Sustenance of life — Ay, that I ac-  
 “ knowledge he ought not to do ; but,  
 “ C 4 “ Mr.

“ Mr. Blandford, there is a great difference between perishing, having the sustenance of life, and the gay appearance which Fanny makes. There is not a young lady in town that dresses with greater taste, throws a greater air of quality into her manner, and looks like one born to splendor, than she does. It is not to be borne, Mr. Blandford; indeed I will not bear it;” and then, in a violent passion, she told him, “ that if Fanny ever presumed to come there again, she would quit the house.” This was the first severe trial of patience, which Mr. Blandford experienced from his wife.

This conversation ended in a settled melancholy, which for some time overpowered his spirits, and at last, after many consultations with his own heart, he thought it most prudent to disclose to Fanny what had passed, and to mix the disagreeable news with as much tenderness as possible; in which he had no occasion to have recourse to art, for he drew from the source of nature more than the pen of a tragic poet could have described upon the same occasion. The best method of communicating this, he judged, would be by a letter, as by this means he should prevent



prevent a mutual effusion of tears. He sat down and wrote to her, of which the following is the substance.

“ My Fanny,

“ I CANNOT, without tears, inform  
 “ you, that, by an accident which has  
 “ lately happened, it will be improper  
 “ for you to assume my surname, as you  
 “ are not my child by wedlock, or to vi-  
 “ sit me at my house. I have ordered  
 “ your board to be discharged, and you  
 “ must quit the boarding-school. Lodg-  
 “ ings are taken for you in town, where  
 “ I have ordered my coachman to set  
 “ you down. Your mother’s name was  
 “ Granville : I shall see you as soon as  
 “ you come to town : have a firm reli-  
 “ ance on my affection and honour : let  
 “ your gratitude be evidenced by your  
 “ virtue.

I am,

Dear Child, &c.”

This letter, the reader may easily imagine, not a little affected the heart of the young lady : she had penetration enough to discern that the change in her father’s state was not likely to be to her advantage, and she even suspected her step-

mother to be the cause of this intelligence. Obedience was her duty: she came to town, had a very tender interview with Mr. Blandford, and the fears which before had distracted her, subsided into a settled confidence in her father's honour, and solemn resolutions of behaving, in every respect, worthy of so good a parent.

Miss Fanny had indeed a passion for admiration; but she had, at the same time, an inexpressible delicacy in her behaviour, which forbid all forward advances, and chastized, by looks of innocence, the wanton eyes of desire, which they who possess beauty have often thrown upon them.

But before I can make the reader acquainted with any farther particulars of Fanny, I must introduce a young gentleman to his acquaintance, of a character sometimes to be met with, who will afterwards make some figure in this history.

## CHAP.



## C H A P. V.

**M**R. Blandford, by the amiable qualities of which he was possessed, and the advantages of a very affluent fortune, associated with people of the best fashion; and amongst others who visited him, with congratulations on his marriage, was Sir John Lace, a gentleman whom Mr. Blandford had long valued for the sprightliness of his genius, and the vivacity of his wit.

Sir John was descended of a very ancient family, was in possession of an ample fortune, and had many personal qualities. But I must be a little more particular in describing his accomplishments. He was endowed by nature with shining abilities, which he had been taught by an early education to improve; he had gone through a course of classical and academical learning; he did not, like a great many gentlemen of fortune, think the improvement of his understanding a task of no consequence; he

## 36. THE HISTORY OF

considered it as the only means by which a gentleman can be distinguished, for the accidental advantages of birth and fortune are possessed by many ; and as no merit is annexed to what we inherit by chance, so he valued himself very little upon it.

Sir John Lace was as well acquainted with the various beauties of classic authors, as the distinguishing charms of the present race of toasts ; while he could entertain the ladies with the belle conversation of routs, drums, masquerades and plays, he could be a companion to the most arrant pedant, and quote the celebrated passages of Homer, Virgil and Ovid ; he had likewise a taste for the liberal arts, poetry, painting, and musick. It cannot be said he excelled in any of them, but he was able to discern their imperfections, had a high relish of their beauties, and was capable of entertaining almost every man of science in his own way.

Sir John was likewise of a confirmed courage ; he had the heart of a lion when the voice of danger called ; and in the softer hours of love, he was all tenderness and melting fondness. His person was the most agreeable in the world, his eyes quick and piercing, his limbs delicately  
turned,

turned, his stature was well proportioned, and he had an ineffable sweetness in his manner, which engaged all who knew him to love him.

He had an affability that could not be resisted, and an alluring air of condescension, which secured him the good wishes of all below him; while at the same time, he threw out so many graces in his conversation, and could put on such a dignified air of meaning, tempered with a desire of giving pleasure, that if his inferiors prayed for him, his superiors blessed him, and placed a great felicity in the advantage of his acquaintance.

Sir John was the most elegant man about town in his dress: he generally led the fashion, and every air of his became as much the object of imitation, as the manner of a fine writer is copied by those who wish to excel in the same way. Wherever he went he had his copyists and flatterers; but he knew too much of the world to be deluded by them, and was capable of making too exact an estimate of his own abilities, to be puffed up by any servile cringer, who would pay the same homage to any man who is permitted to preside over taste, and give law to fashion.

He

Notwithstanding this incense of adulation that was poured out to him, Sir John never had the appearance of a man elated with his superiority; on the contrary, he could give the strictest attention to those people who buzz'd about him; he could reason coolly, hear them with temper, and make replies with the most convincing eloquence.

Whenever he discovered a man, who either by native timidity, or not being accustomed to mix in good company, more than ordinary bashful, he took care to pay a particular attention to what was uttered by him; he would often ask questions, and refer to his opinion the decision of any thing in dispute, when that application would have been more properly made to another; but he chose to encourage those who were diffident in themselves, and by these means, while he disobliged nobody, he won to himself a great number of friends.

The accomplishments which fall more immediately under the inspection of the ladies, Sir John possessed in an eminent degree; while he could plead in the senate so as to charm a listening audience, he could upon proper occasions give discoveries of his power in pleasing the ladies

by

by complying with them in their gay pastimes, and making one with good address in their parties of delight.

These are the chief accomplishments which adorned the character of Sir John Lace; and methinks I hear the reader observe, that Sir John was certainly, in the strict sense of the word, a fine gentleman, that he possessed whatever was elegant and polite, and all those qualities which form the idea we have of a fine gentleman, centered in his character. Should this be the reader's observation, he will not take it amiss, if I inform him that he is mistaken. There are some ingredients in a fine gentleman's character, one especially, which has no place here, without which a fine gentleman cannot be compleated; and if the reader has not penetration to find it out, he must attend to the after part of his conduct, and then nothing but dulness can prevent his discovering it.

CHAP.



## C H A P. VI.

SOME time after the nuptials, Mr. Blandford had occasion to go to the country, where his business was likely to detain him a month. He took leave of his wife with great tenderness, payed a private visit to Fanny, gave her what money he thought would be necessary until his return; and his last words to her were, "Dear Fanny, let your virtue and discretion demonstrate your gratitude:" An advice he often gave her; and with tears in his eyes he took his leave.

We have already observed, that Mrs. Blandford was a cruel enemy to Miss Fanny; she dreaded her as a rival, and took every opportunity to mortify her: but she had a power of changing her appearance; and when it would answer any malevolent intention, she could shew an infinite deal of tenderness, and put on so much delicacy, that the most practised enquirer of the heart of woman, could  
not



not have discovered any latent seeds of malice.

She had formed a scheme against the peace of this lovely orphan, and in order to effect it, set all her emissaries at work. By bribing the coachman, she learned where Miss Fanny lodged; and sent to her one day a most obliging invitation to come and see her, which Miss Fanny readily complied with; and as she thought herself secure in her father's affections, so she took not much trouble to please her stepmother, and even chose to mortify her by appearing in all the graces of which she was mistress. Miss Fanny waited on her; and according to Mrs. Blandford's wish, while she was performing this visit, Sir John Lace made his appearance; and as soon as he entered the room, fixed his eyes upon Fanny; he gazed at her, at first with emotion, but endeavoured to conceal the transport of admiration with which she inspired him. He was afraid too much attention paid to Fanny would mortify Mrs. Blandford; and excite her jealousy; he therefore divided his attention, and behaved with the most respectful distance and good manners to both.

When

When Miss Fanny took her leave, Mrs. Blandford opened her complaints, made insinuations against her honour, and regretted that Mr. Blandford should be at so much trouble and expence in supporting a natural child, which is an injustice to those he might afterwards have lawfully.

Sir John well understood her meaning; he took hints from the dislike she expressed to Fanny, and carried them afterwards into execution.

When next morning the young lady was pleasing her fancy with recollecting the airs she gave herself before her step-mother, and the consciousness of her own superiority, which, she thought, Sir John Lace could not help discovering, and even demonstrated by his eyes, she was told a gentleman desired to speak with her; he was admitted, and proved to be Sir John himself, who after a profusion of apologies for his intruding upon her, entered into conversation; the particulars of which I do not remember, though Miss Fanny once told me; and if I did, it would be impertinent to insert them here, and divert the reader with chat while the story stands still.

Miss

## FANNY SEYMOUR.

Miss Fanny was fond of reading, was capable of very bright conversation ; and nobody can be at a loss to know from the character drawn of Sir John, how well qualified he was to pass an hour agreeably with a lady. In short, Sir John declared his passion, that he knew her circumstances and story, and that no mean consideration should ever prevent him from making honourable proposals to the woman he loved. Miss heard him with emotion ; he was too amiable not to seize her affections to a certain degree ; and by repeated protestations he gained a friend in his heart.

She was resolved to do nothing rashly, and desired him to desist from visiting her till Mr. Blandford's return. He insisted upon the necessary dangers attending delay, and desired her to write to her father, which he would take care to inclose one upon the same subject. Fanny complied ; and in a few posts had a letter given her by Sir John, which he said was inclosed to him from her father. The contents of the letter were, That she should not use her lover with coldness or disdain : that he knew him to be a man too much honour to declare a passion he did not feel ; and that addresses from  
pe

person of his figure, were not to be slighted ; and, in a word, pressed her to a speedy marriage, while her lover continued so violent in his pursuit ; for if he was once permitted to rove in quest of new beauties, or treated with disdain, he might perhaps never renew his protestations, by which means an advantageous match would be defeated. He added, that he was pleased to hear his wife had countenanced her, hoped she would continue in her favour, and endeavour to deserve it ; and recommended it to Fanny to consult with her in this particular.

Fanny was in a condition, upon reading this letter, which I must leave to my readers to imagine, which is paying them a greater compliment than if I should describe it. When once a character is thrown into any peculiar circumstances, and if the temper and spirit of such a character is already known, the reader frequently is as good a judge of the consequence of events, and the influence they have upon the mind, or the external emotions they produce, as the historian who relates them ; and such descriptions are like fine speeches in a dramatic poem, which have no connection with the business of the play.

Miss

Miss Fanny consulted with her step-mother, who strenuously urged her behaving with such tenderness to her lover, as to give him hopes of possessing her soon in honourable matrimony. Fanny complied, she was fond of admiration, she began to be in love; and in a fortnight after the first proposal was made, she agreed to yield him her hand.

Some people may think this a precipitate engagement, a violence to probability, and out of nature: To this my answer is, That however precipitate the engagement, however improbable, it is not out of nature, because it was true.

For many reasons which her lover assigned, he chose to be married at Richmond. There was an intimate acquaintance of the bridegroom's, named Juxon, who gave his honour to meet with them at Richmond, and witness the solemnization of the nuptials. Mrs. Blandford was requested to attend, but being under a slight indisposition pleaded her excuse.

Fanny and the bridegroom set out for Richmond, and were received by Mrs. Creswold with the most engaging politeness.

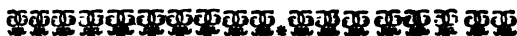
The night in which the nuptials were to be celebrated, which was the first of  
their

their going to Richmond, Mr. Juxon did not come, and for that reason they were delayed; and Sir John declared, that if he did not come early next morning, he would return to town in quest of him.

After an elegant entertainment, and the evening spent agreeably, Fanny retired to rest half an hour after ten.

She lay in a room elegantly furnished; every thing had the appearance of taste: and after performing a devotion she never omitted, as she was convinced it was her duty, she betook herself to sleep.

Thus retired, I shall leave her; and may every Spirit which inspires chaste wishes and guards the maiden heart, be present with her in this perilous night! If my reader loves her as much as I do, he will kiss her a thousand times in his imagination, gaze at her with melting eyes, and doat upon her.



## C H A P. VII.

I Doubt not from the invocation of the Spirit of Chastity to guard over the sleeping Beauty, some will imagine that Sir John Lace is this night to attack her virtue, and revel in her arms by way of anticipation of the nuptial delights; but he had too high a sense of the delicacy of Fanny, to attempt her honour as a ravisher; at least, he imagined the resistance she would make would marr his joy, and for one night it was more proper to exercise his patience.

We must now look back a little, and take a view of the company who were together after Fanny retired. Mrs. Creswold begged leave to introduce to Sir John's acquaintance a young gentleman whom she imagined would render the conversation of the night more brilliant. He was introduced; nor did Mrs. Creswold conjecture wrong; he pleased beyond their warmest expectations, and had some-

something in his air and manner very engaging. Thus happy in one another's company they sat over their regale, till the clock striking one, summoned them to rest. Sir John, who had plyed the bottle pretty freely, was too much disposed for sleep, to have any other cares hang upon him.

There was in the house a young woman, with whom this accomplished youth intrigued, was the devoted minister of his pleasure, and who by the vilest means was willing, and at this time too able, to promote it. She communicated to him the whole story of Sir John Lace and Fanny: she told him that they were that night to have been married by Mr. Juxon, who disappointed them, and that they only lay asunder because the ceremony was not performed. "The ceremony by Mr. Juxon! says he; sure you cannot be in earnest! you know he's an attorney." "That all the world knows, replied she, but he was to have been the parson." Upon hearing this relation, a thought entered into his head, of possessing Fanny before he who had laid snares for her, should accomplish it.

The girl, with whom he conversed, was too able to assist him in the execution of his



his scheme. There was a door, which probably Fanny had taken no notice of, which she could easily open by going into the contiguous room. It was done, he entered, and without discomposing her, laid himself down by the sleeping innocent, and waken'd her with kisses. She was no doubt alarmed at this unexpected visit : but I should violate truth, if I averred that she shrieked much or made any fierce struggles. The gentleman, in a broken voice, accosted her in the character of her bridegroom ; cursed Juxon a thousand times for his delay : while Fanny made a resistance, which was rather the consequence of an innate modesty, than any outrageous conceptions of dishonour.

In a word, the ravisher struggled and enjoyed, and took his leave with a profusion of kisses, which he imprinted, as Shakespear expresses it, “ with as much eagerness as if kisses grew upon her lips, and he would tear them up.”

Should these memoirs fall into the hands of a prude, or be read before a circle of antiquated maids, I know my heroine will be reprobated by them. She yielded, say they ; and be the consequence ever so bad, she deserves it all for being a

D

strumpet.

strumpet. Let such imps of ill-nature and tyranny rail on, I think it not worth while to make any apologies to them ; their spite is a compliment, and their malevolence sometimes an advantage. But to my gentle readers of another cast, I would willingly apologize, and endeavour to rescue my heroine from sharing too much of their censure. My pretty fair ones, suspend a little your resentment ; pray imagine yourselves in her situation. The man who next day she was persuaded would become her husband ; and by exchanging vows of honour, have the restraints of virtue taken off ; this very man soliciting an indulgence, which, to-morrow, it would have been honourable to grant him ; doing it with all the eagerness of a longing lover, under such peculiar advantages, that even resistance would have been vain : tell me, ye severest in virtue, what would you have done ? But perhaps some other reasons might coincide to dispose her to yield. The poor lady had gone to bed, with her fancy swelling with images which cannot be described : her thoughts, as Otway expresses it, “ perhaps had  
 “ been abroad, and brought home wan-  
 “ ton wishes to her heart.” She had  
 been

been wakened from a dream of transport, and found herself encircled in the arms of him she loved. In such a coincidence of circumstances, who amongst you would not have yielded? There is a certain degree of trial which is above the resistance of nature, and is not expected from beings so frail as we are. I aver, notwithstanding this circumstance being literally true, that Fanny was uncorrupted and spotless. Her trial was above woman's power to resist; and however romantically virtuous some biographers have drawn their heroines, yet I am convinced, they have exceeded nature; and in place of a woman have shewn us a cherubim in a woman's form.



## C H A P. VIII.

**I**T has been already observed, that the gentleman who was happy in the arms of Fanny, after the first transports were over, abruptly took his leave with a profusion of kisses: and here we shall

add, and that without much ceremony, he left the house early next morning. He had been blessed in the arms of a lady he never saw, and no doubt had the pleasure heightened by imagination. This, however, was the most romantic adventure of his life; and as he was not much given to secrecy, particularly in the affairs of loose gallantry, he often diverted his company by this merry relation.

The morning came, and Sir John Lace waited on Fanny with the usual ceremony of an early visit. She met him covered with blushes, and looked in a manner, which can only be understood by those who have themselves been in the same situation. When they were at breakfast Mr. Juxon arrived, when Sir John rallied him for the disappointment he occasioned, and keeping him one night longer from the arms of his bride. This last speech a little startled her, though she soon recovered herself, as she imagined it might proceed from policy, and a desire of blinding the eyes of those who were about him. When they were alone, Sir John put some slender questions to the bride; he insisted upon having the ceremony performed immediately; she pleaded

pleaded for a respite 'till the evening, and obtained his consent.

Fanny was still ignorant of the person who had last night possessed her, she still imagined Sir John had been he, till an accident discovered the truth. She escaped indeed the snare of one villain, but she fell by the art of another ; and from this day is the beginning of her misery to be dated. The maid already mentioned, who conducted the plot against Fanny, was summoned to attend her while she dressed. The girl was far from being pleasing to her ; she had a pertness and impudence in her look, which shocked her ; and she behaved with so much freedom, that Fanny called upon Mrs. Creswold to send her another maid, for she was displeased with the one she had already sent. The girl was affronted at this slight shewn her, and boiling with resentment, she waited on Sir John, told him that, to her certain knowledge, a gentleman was seen to come out of his bride's bed-chamber early in the morning, and had been there some hours : this she confirmed by such allegations as disposed him to believe it. He was roused to fury upon hearing this ; he was piqued that his laboured

scheme of seducing should at last prove abortive, and that another plunderer of beauty should win the prize from him. He restrained himself, however, and waited for farther conviction. He again returned unto her, assuming a serenity; and with seeming tenderness asked her about last night's repose, how early she waked, and if she was not disturbed in her sleep? "I received no disturbance, says she, but  
 "that which you gave me; and it was not  
 "kind to intrude upon me in the hour of quiet." At saying these words Sir John started; put on an inexpressible severity in his looks; and as he then held her hand, he tossed it from him, uttered some horrid execrations, and told her that she was lost, lost beyond recovery. He heaped upon her unmannerly epithets, traitress! strumpet! whore!

Had Sir John's designs been honourable, and had he really intended to have made her his wife, his rage would have been natural; but as he meant no more than to seduce her by a mock marriage, and then prevail upon her to become his mistress, he had no great reason for violence; yet was he so nettled with this disappointment, that he vow'd revenge against her: he had been base enough to lay

lay snares for entrapping the daughter of his friend, and when those failed, he was wicked enough to expose her to shame, and leave her to poverty.

By this time, I hope, the reader has found out what ingredients, in the character of a fine gentleman, were wanting in Sir John. The situation of Fanny upon this discovery, this astonishing event, may be fancied but not pourtrayed. She sometimes doubted the reality of Sir John's assertion, of his not having that night been near her. She considered him as her husband, she fell at his feet, and confessed as much contrition and penitence, as if she had been actually an adulteress. Sir John was implacable in his resentment, tore himself from her, hurried to town, and spread the story as fast as he could.

It will not be difficult to conceive how agreeable this news was to Mrs. Blandford; she was sorry indeed that Fanny had not fallen into Sir John's snares, but then she rejoiced that she had fallen, and longed for Mr. Blandford's return to town, that she might relate the story of the unfortunate orphan in all the aggravated circumstances of guilt, and so exasperate him against her,

## 36 THE HISTORY OF

as to throw her entirely out of his protection. But what happened on his coming to town, and the calamities which befel Fanny, shall be told in the next chapter.



## C H A P. IX.

SIR John Lace, as we have already taken notice, was not long in communicating to Mrs. Blandford his disappointment : and she had now the fairest opportunity of effecting the total ruin of this poor orphan.

No sooner did Mr. Blandford return, than the whole story was disclosed to him : his wife related it with every circumstance of guilt. She informed him of Sir John Lace's passion for Fanny, which governed him to such a degree, that he made her offers of marriage ; had really appointed the very day in which the ceremony was to have been performed, but that he detected her in the basest treachery, and the most ungrateful behaviour



haviour to the man who loved her. This relation much affected the heart of Mr. Blandford. Sir John confirmed it ; and the evidence was too strong against her to admit of palliation. He resolved from that moment to abandon her, as unworthy of his bounty : he wrote to her to that effect, and inclosed a small Bank note, which he declared should be the last she should ever have from him.

The reader, who has any humanity, may judge the condition poor Fanny was in, at the receipt of this : she had been ruined by a man whom she never saw, nor had any means of finding out ; she lost, or at least she thought she lost, a very advantageous match, by yielding too tamely to the solicitations of a man, whom she imagined would the next day become her husband. Her father had abandoned her : his displeasure was the heaviest affliction ; and in this perplexity she knew not what to do. She had no friend to whom she could communicate her distress : she dreaded women as rivals and vultures to one another. She had no reason to have any reliance upon the honour of men ; and became, as it were, cast out from all connections with society.

Fanny, who immediately after her ruin came to town, addressed her father in the most submissive terms of penitence ; disclosed every circumstance which had happened ; declared that she imagined that he who had intruded into her bed, was the man she expected to be her husband, and entreated him to admit some alleviation of her guilt. This letter but exasperated him the more ; he could not believe her ignorant of the man who seduced her ; and he considered her protestations as adding a lie to her other infamy. He returned an answer to this, which administered much to her sorrow, and confirmed her in the most deplorable wretchedness. But will not the humane reader be still more disposed to shed a tear for the unhappy beauty, when he is informed, that the consequence of her intrigue (if it may be called so) discovered itself in a manner, which added distress to distress, and rendered her calamity double ! She was with child, and so prevented from exerting herself in the ordinary means of virtuous industry, to support a miserable life.

The particulars of her story, which intervened between the hour of her undoing, and the near approach of her delivery,

livery, are too minute and inconsiderable to be recorded. She now felt more for her offspring than herself, and was under much perplexity how to get over that dismal period. She had heard indeed that there were in town public hospitals for the necessitous poor, but then that none had the privilege of them but such as could swear that they were married, or produce certificates to that purpose. This she was well satisfied she could not do : besides, her spirit, unaccustomed to such low ideas, was very ungovernable, and prevented her from any mean though lawful submissions, which, in the case of poverty, must often mortify the most polished mind.

In the lodgings which Fanny took after her return from Richmond, she got acquainted with an old gentlewoman, who had charity enough to believe the relation of her story, and shewed her the most distinguishing marks of compassion.

Mrs. Banks, who had seen life in every shape, was the widow of a gentleman, who left her his small inheritance of about 60 l. a year, on which she subsisted pretty genteely, and had even something to spare for the purposes of charity. She had the remains of beauty, read much,

## THE HISTORY OF

and understood more. She had herself been the mother of many children, and well knew the sollicitudes, fears and nameless anxieties of a parent, and could easily sympathize with any woman who was near the approach of being one.

She took occasion one day to mention it to Fanny, that perhaps she might have it in her power to provide for her lying-in, by such means as would be advantageous to her. "Could you stoop, says she, my dear, to part with your own babe to be suckled by a person I shall provide for you, and to suckle the child of another, who would well reward you for it? could you bear it?"

Upon uttering the words, "part with your own babe!" poor Fanny melted into tears; she could not restrain the swellings of her heart, and her lovely bosom throbb'd with the acutest sensibility. She remained a-while without giving any answer. Mrs. Banks, who was shocked at her confusion, in the most delicate manner endeavoured to explain her meaning; and convinced her that she intended no affront, nor to take the cruel advantage of her circumstances to triumph over her. Fanny could not help being charmed with the agreeable and tender manner in which

## FANNY SEYMOUR.

which Mrs. Banks spoke of her affair and was at last so reconciled to the proposal, that she longed for an opportunity of shewing Mrs. Banks some mark of gratitude for thus interesting herself in her favour. And as the highest spirit yields when poverty strikes, so Fanny last familiarized a station to her mind which she once little imagined would be her lot.



## C H A P. X.

THE family to which Mrs. Banks resolved to recommend Fanny was that of a mercer's ; but as she knew them to be all of a gloomy persuasion, was afraid she could scarce move their compassion, so as to take one into their household who was unfortunate in the sense in which poor Fanny was ; but, as they were very wealthy, and something might be got in their service, she determined to try.

The mercer's name was Wills, to whose wife she applied. Mrs. Banks so far prevailed as to excite a desire in Mrs. Wills to see Fanny, but had entirely forgot to inform her of her misfortunes, by telling the truth ; for both Fanny and Mrs. Banks were above raising any advantage by the relation of a lye.

Fanny, next day after Mrs. Banks had had a conference with Mrs. Wills, waited on her ; but before she appears before this young wife, it will not be amiss to give some account of the company then present. In the first place, there was the ghostly father, who had long watched over the souls of the family ; his name was Cant, a man upwards of fifty, and who, according to his own account, had been born again, for many years. There sat by him Mrs. Bridget Bleareye, an old maid, who attended few public assemblies, save the religious ; but never with all her devotional airs, could whine a husband to herself, though she had long-wished for it in vain. There was besides, Miss Maria Blunt, sister to the young wife. All these personages were sitting round a tea-table, and holding serious conversation about the corrupt state of the church, when a servant-maid came in,

in, and told that a young woman from Mrs. Banks desired to speak with Mrs. Wills ; she was ordered to walk up. Fanny was then plainly dressed, but with an elegant neatness, which very well became her. She was big with child ; the additional circumstance rather improved than diminished the unspeakable dignity of her person. She entered with a countenance rather downcast than serene ; she had an air of melancholy, and her eyes were ready to stream with tears.—“ Look up, Child, says Mrs. Bridget, what are you afraid of ? ” “ What religion are you, and who’s your husband ! ” says the ghostly father.—“ How old are you ? ” says Miss Blunt.—“ You seem deeply affected,” says mercer Wills.—All these interrogations were put to her at once, and the poor girl was quite confounded.” “ She blushes and is ready to cry, says Mrs. Bridget ; surely there is some mystery about her.” Why don’t you speak, Child, says old Cant ? tell me what religion you are of.”—The whole company fixed their eye upon her, when she told them that her not knowing who was the master of the family, or had a right to the first answer, was the occasion of her silence ; “ for I cannot (says she) answer four questions at

" at once."—" O! the creature's a wit,  
 " and pretends to be sensible! cries Mrs.  
 " Bridget : no, no, madam, she'll never  
 " do for you." " Well, but who is your  
 " husband, says Cant? It is fit that should  
 " be first answered; and as to your reli-  
 " gion, I shall examine you by and by."—  
 " My husband! answers Fanny; I  
 " thought Mrs. Banks informed you that  
 " I was an unfortunate girl."—" Unfor-  
 " nate! well, but you have a husband,  
 " says he: where and what is he?" " I  
 " have no husband," replied poor Fanny,  
 " with tears in her eyes. " Then he is  
 " dead," rejoined Cant. Fanny then re-  
 " sumed courage, and told the company that  
 " she was above uttering a falsehood, and that  
 " she never had a husband. " Heaven watch  
 " over us! says Mrs. Bridget; with child,  
 " and have no husband! Fye, Mrs. Wills,  
 " let her be turned down stairs. Pollu-  
 " tion!--a whore!--a wanton trull!"--  
 " Poor creature, says Cant, she is in the  
 " way to hell:" and then in the rudest  
 " manner told her of her fault, and what she  
 " ought to do to satisfy the congregation of  
 " Christian people for so foul an offence.---  
 " Fanny now could no longer contain the  
 " tears which flowed down her cheeks, and  
 " she appeared still more amiable in distress.  
 " I



" I thought, says she, I should not have  
 " been insulted with my calamities ; they  
 " are in themselves very hard to bear :  
 " why should a poor unhappy creature  
 " like me excite any resentment ? My  
 " miseries can never be the object of  
 " envy." " Envy, says Mrs. Bridget, no  
 " really, nor your conduct of imitation ;  
 " but your miseries, if you feel any,  
 " should flow from the remorses of your  
 " own conscience." " Consider, child, cries  
 " Cant, you have sinned, and fallen from  
 " your purity ; you ought to be instant  
 " in season, and out of season : you ought  
 " to watch and pray. But tell me, child,  
 " what class of Christians do you belong  
 " to ?" This last interrogation Fanny  
 answered, by openly declaring, " That  
 " she was educated in the communion of  
 " the church." " And so you never in-  
 " tend to shake off the prejudices of  
 " education, returns he ; but indeed it  
 " is no matter to what set of people you  
 " belong ; for it is no credit to any class  
 " to have a creature like you amongst  
 " them." In this manner of insult they  
 continued, when Fanny, quite fatigued  
 with standing, was ready to drop down,  
 and begged leave to retire, which they  
 granted her, after observing, that she  
 had

had a good deal of impudence to enter an honest man's house ; and that they would reprimand Mrs. Banks for recommending a strumpet to them.

While the poor lady was about taking her leave, a servant suddenly entered the room, and told his master that Mrs. Blandford and some other ladies were below, who wanted some silks, and desired to speak with himself. This message Fanny heard distinctly delivered, and was like to sink into the ground upon it. She had no pretence of staying longer in the room with the good company where she had met with the most unmannerly insults, and unnecessary severity, as if it were a crime to be unfortunate. She was struck almost senseless at the thoughts of seeing a woman, who she knew would triumph over her affliction, and made her own use of the unlucky accident which brought them together. She was obliged to bear it ; and as she passed through the shop, Mrs. Blandford looked at her with an air of ineffable indignation ; and made such insinuations to those about her, as they easily understood, that the person she thus beheld with contempt was not unknown to her.

After

After she had bargained for the silks, she asked the mercer, by what accident the creature she had seen pass through the shop, came to his house? The mercer finding her a little interested on this subject, satisfied her, and concluded with observing, that he did not chuse to have any strumpets come near him. Mrs. Blandford then shook her head, shrugged up her shoulders, and took her leave with an air of the highest importance. She went home full of spirits; and we shall have an occasion afterwards to observe the use she made of this interview, to the disadvantage of this unhappy fair one.

When Fanny got into the street, it was with the utmost difficulty she could stagger home: she would have called a coach; but putting her hand in her pocket, found herself without money. At last, with the greatest pain, she got to her lodgings. As soon as she arrived, with a heart bursting with grief, she threw herself upon the bed, and fainted away: after proper means used to recover her, she had scarce begun to tell Mrs. Banks the insult she had received, when the pangs of birth came upon her; and in these agonies I must leave her to the

the care of Mrs. Banks, who did all she could by calling proper assistance to her, and make my reader acquainted with a new character, who will appear very active in the succeeding pages of this relation.

~~\*\*\*\*\*~~

## CHAP. XI.

**M**ISS Lucy Wasp was a young lady who had possession of the first floor in the same house where Fanny and Mrs. Banks lodged. She lived in a good correspondence with the latter, and was made acquainted with Fanny's story by Mrs. Banks; who obtained some charity from her to supply the necessities of her patient; for so Fanny, at that time, may be properly called.

Though Fanny had lodged some time in the same house with Miss Wasp, yet had they not as yet seen one another; for Miss Wasp was often out upon parties of pleasure, and poor Fanny confined herself much to her room; so that had  
not

not Miss Wasp expressed an inclination to Mrs. Banks of seeing Fanny, as soon as her condition would permit, perhaps they would have lived much longer under the same roof, without an interview.

Miss Wasp was about 27 years old ; her stature somewhat low ; her features regular, but not commanding ; her eyes black, but without keenness ; her hair exceeding fine ; her shape of the oval species ; her skin tolerably white ; her nose rather flat than protuberant ; and her gait a proper medium, between a flaunting dégaçée and an awkward stiffness. Her person, upon the whole, was agreeable, but not striking ; and if she could not be said to be ugly, she had no pretensions to any epithet above agreeable.

Miss Wasp had from nature a pretty large share of vivacity ; she was blessed with an astonishing memory ; her judgment was not weak ; and her application to the belle accomplishments intense. She danced with taste, and played upon the spinnet gracefully. She had a ready eloquence, and was very quick in repartees.

These are the qualities of Miss Wasp, which, seconded with a very ample fortune,

## 10 THE HISTORY OF

fortune, rendered her agreeable to the men; and as her wit and parts were much above the greatest number of her own sex, she was rather feared than beloved by the women. For, whenever she found herself superior to those around her, in understanding especially, if there were any men present, she used to extend her conquests to the utmost of her power; and never let a disputant retire, without bearing the most mortifying marks of her victory. However, as an ample fortune, joined with wit, makes it more tolerable, by those to whom it is directed, Miss Wasp had a very large acquaintance; for though some ladies dreaded her as a rival, yet many were proud of her association, from this principle, that an intimate acquaintance with persons of wit, confers some degree of praise; for next to being sensible ourselves, is a taste for the company of those, who have a reputation for understanding.

As to the moral character of Miss, the reader is referred to her conduct, in which he will discern the workings of the heart, and be better able to form an idea of what degree of virtue, or its opposite,

posite, she possessed, than by any picture can be drawn of her, here.

But before we return to Fanny, let us take a view of the state of Mr. Blandford's family, and the influence which Fanny's last interview with her insolent stepmother produced there.



## C H A P. XII.

N O sooner had Mrs. Blandford returned home, but, impatient to relate her adventure, or rather interview, with Fanny, and to give it an air of greater importance, she sent for her husband from a tavern, under pretence of urgent business, and communicated to him the condition in which she had found her. She remonstrated that the disgrace of that girl would naturally bring infamy upon the family : “ for, says she, “ I shall be accused of cruelty towards “ her ; and as the girl will soon become “ compleatly infamous, she will no doubt “ relate

“ relate her story to every fellow with  
 “ whom she intrigues, in order to move  
 “ compassion ; and our name shall be  
 “ ecchoed in every house of bad fame  
 “ about town.” “ Our name ! replied  
 “ Mr. Blandford, I have already dis-  
 “ charged her from assuming it ; sure  
 “ she does not presume to disobey me  
 “ in that particular.”

Mrs. Blandford finding this topick  
 might be made a good pretence against  
 her, she insisted that she still assumed that  
 name ; and, added she, “ it very much  
 “ shocked me, Mr. Blandford, to find  
 “ that the story was divulged at the  
 “ mercer’s : and when I saw the creature  
 “ big with child, bearing about her the  
 “ marks of ruin, I thought I should  
 “ have fainted, merely from a tenderness  
 “ to you ; for it is no doubt grievous to  
 “ the parent even of a natural child, to  
 “ hear that his offspring are become heirs  
 “ of prostitution : but indeed my ten-  
 “ derness a little subsided, when the  
 “ mercer told me, with what forwardness  
 “ and impudence she behaved to his  
 “ wife, and the other company, before  
 “ whom she was called in. I tell you,  
 “ says she, you must do all in your power  
 “ to have her conveyed from this place,  
 “ or



“ or at least to check her for calling herself your lawful child, and then to lay the blame upon me, for being deserted by you.”

This discourse, extremely well-timed, had an happy influence on the mind of Mr. Blandford, who before this happened, was much disposed to relent towards her. He considered her, rather as unhappy, than guilty ; and if in an hour of frailty she had been overcome, he thought that penitence might again restore her, if not to a state of innocence, at least to a condition of being accepted again, by those who are themselves fallible, and who ought to consider that the preservation of virtue is often more owing to lucky circumstances, than any vigorous endeavours of our own. This was the light in which Mr. Blandford began to consider Fanny's frailty : and as he knew necessity often exposed ruined girls to the repetition of their crimes, so he was resolved to prevent it, and to make her such allowances as would enable her to support life, if not with splendor, at least with innocence : but when he heard that modesty and delicacy were gone, that there did not remain even the shadow of

E

virtue

virtue, he lost all patience; he considered her as one past recovery; and, as the poet expresses it, "gone as far as there can be perdition."

He gave a commission to his wife to write to her, and command her to change her name. This Mrs. Blandford readily complied with, and performed it with the most aggravating circumstances of severity. Fanny received it with the acutest concern; she considered herself as now entirely abandoned by him, whom she imagined was the fountain of her life; but was amazed that, after she had been told by her father that her mother's name was Granville, he should insist upon her relinquishing that, which the misfortune of her birth did not deprive her of.

Mrs. Blandford had wrote to her to change her name, without the particular mention of any name: and as Fanny had assumed the name of Granville, she considered the command as intended to alter that also. She retained still the utmost tenderness for her supposed father; and his commands, conveyed to her by her stepmother, she resolved to obey, and communicated the circumstance to Mrs. Banks.

Fanny

Fanny was of a grateful, honest nature ; she could never forget the tenderness of Mr. Blandford towards her in her early years : all his fondness rose to her mind, and warmed her generous bosom, which never breathed one malevolent wish against him she thought her father. She was now restored to a confirmed state, and held many consultations with Mrs. Banks, concerning the means of providing for herself and infant ; but, sweet lady ! many miseries are yet before her, many difficulties are to be struggled with, which will appear in the succeeding pages. But before I relate any more of this injured beauty's adventures, I will answer a question, which some of my readers, by this time, will be ready to make. "How came it, say they, that Mr. Blandford, when he is convinced of the prostitution of Fanny, does not reveal the secret, and openly disclaim her as his daughter ?" To this it may be answered, that he had so long disguised the truth, that he was ashamed now to own it : and he had sense enough to know that if he should do it, while she was under distress, the world would justly construe it, as a mean expedient to throw her entirely from his dependance ; and

if they believed this relation, they would impute his former kindness to her, as only a design of educating her for his own dishonourable purpose, in which he had been defeated : and of all wretches who are suffered to live, he is the greatest, who takes an infant under his protection, educates her to elegance, and then perpetrates his long-laboured horrid purpose, in the bloom of her beauty and innocence. These considerations were sufficient to prevent him from declaring the truth.

\*\*\*\*\*

### C H A P. XIII.

**I**T has been already observed, that Fanny's tenderness for Mr. Blandford, and the noble gratitude with which she was inspired, determined her to obey every command of his ; and she hoped, one time or other, if not to appear innocent in his eyes, at least in a more favourable light, and regain the share she had once in his affections. In consequence

quence of a command contained in the letter she had received from her step-mother, after consulting with Mrs. Banks, she changed her name from Granville to Wilmot; and that she might never be accessary to bring any disgrace upon the family, and the better to disguise her real character, she relinquished her christian name also, and assumed that of Charlotte. Mrs. Banks made Miss Wasp acquainted with this circumstance, by whose interest she expected to make some provision for Fanny, and on whom she doated with a fondness, little inferior to that of a mother. It has likewise been observed, that Miss Wasp expressed an inclination to see Fanny, which gave great pleasure to Mrs. Banks, as she was in hopes, that the native gracefulness of Fanny's person, the brightness of her conversation, and insinuating behaviour, would move her compassion for this unfortunate innocent, and excite her to do something for her relief.

On an afternoon appointed by Miss Wasp, who was informed by Mrs. Banks of the change of our heroine's name, she was introduced to her under the name of Charlotte Wilmot. Miss Wasp received her with great politeness; and as she

was sensible that the circumstances of Charlotte, and the plainness of her dress, would naturally check the vivacity she had been informed she was mistress of, she behaved with extraordinary complaisance, and seemed to be much pleased with the conversation of this young unfortunate.

Miss Wasp was a great lover of theatrical amusements, and had read much in poetry : she was not ignorant of the characteristical beauties of the most eminent authors ; and as her memory was astonishing, she could repeat the sublimest passages of our best poets.

A dispute arose between them concerning the merit of two poets, and was managed with great gentleness on both sides, when a person, who had frequently visited Miss Wasp, entered the room : this gentleman's name was Seymour ; he was an officer in the army, and had, as is peculiar to the military character, the insinuating arts of pleasing : he was accompanied by Beau Hewit, whose taste in dress, and a kind of low cunning, were his chief qualifications. Never were two characters more opposite than those of Capt. Seymour and Beau Hewit. The former was without disguise, and incapable of dissimulation : a libertine he was, but

but he never had art enough to conceal it; and though he had naturally a very amorous constitution, yet he was incapable of falsifying his word: and of the many girls who have been ruined by him, none can say they fell by his perjury, or by his promising more than he intended to fulfil. Beau Hewit was in every respect the reverse of him, and produced all his devastation by laboured schemes, and concerted frauds. Though by the sequel this will appear to be the character of Beau Hewit, yet he was master of such an incredible dissimulation, that Capt. Seymour (naturally penetrating) believed him to be sincerely honest, and in the gentleman's sense of the word, uniformly honourable.

Capt. Seymour had lately made love to Miss Wasp, in which no doubt he was animated by the prospect of possessing her fortune: but his uncle dying without issue, and a large estate devolving to his father, he began to be less sollicitous about her, and to slacken his efforts of obtaining her.

As soon as the ceremony of entrance was over, Miss Wasp made the gentlemen acquainted with the merits of the

debate, and entreated their opinion concerning it. The two poets about whom the dispute was held, were Dryden and Pope : Miss Wasp decreed the superiority of genius to belong to the latter, while Charlotte contended for the former. " Dryden, says Charlotte, had  
 " certainly great variety, he found poetry  
 " try in an imperfect state, he rescued  
 " it from the barbarity into which it had  
 " sunk, and he reached the highest excellence  
 " of numbers." Miss Wasp denied the last assertion, and declared,  
 " that in her opinion Pope's numbers  
 " were the most musical and polished."  
 " More polished they certainly are, returned Charlotte, but not more musical,  
 " because they want variety. The  
 " lines of Pope are indeed excellent, but  
 " then every line is alike, and the same  
 " cadence observed throughout ; but  
 " this is not all that can be urged in  
 " favour of Dryden. Let a reader of a  
 " tolerable genius peruse the works of  
 " both with attention ; the dedications  
 " and prefaces of Dryden, and the letters  
 " and criticisms of Pope, and I am  
 " much mistaken if he does not find his  
 " mind more illuminated by the former,  
 " and



"and his poetical ideas more extended,  
 "than by reading the works of the lat-  
 "ter." The two gentlemen listened  
 with great attention to these observations ;  
 Capt. Seymour understood the force of  
 them, but Beau Hewit was totally ig-  
 norant of the merit of either Dryden or  
 Pope.

The captain, in order to give a gallant  
 turn to the debate, declared, "that he  
 "was convinced by whoever spoke last ;  
 "and complimented them both on their  
 "taste in poetry. But, says he, Ladies,  
 "while you so freely criticise on the  
 "works of your favourite authors, be  
 "so kind as to favour us with a speci-  
 "men of their beauties, by which we  
 "shall be better able to judge of them."

Miss Wasp, who had an astonishing me-  
 mory, made long quotations from Pope,  
 while Charlotte contented herself with  
 repeating Dryden's beautiful description  
 of Cleopatra in her barge, in *All for  
 Love*. She repeated it with so much  
 grace, emphasis, and natural ease, that  
 it was impossible not to be as much  
 charmed by her, as Dryden has repre-  
 sented the Cupids to have been with the  
 Egyptian beauty : when Charlotte spoke  
 these lines,

## 82 THE HISTORY OF

She lay and leant her cheek upon her hand,  
And threw an eye so languishingly sweet,  
As if secure of each beholder's heart  
Neglecting she could take them—

she at once gave the example and the description. There was peculiar to her an unaffected dignity, a softness in her manner; and her voice so tuned to utter the language of passion, that he must have had more than a heart of adamant, who could remain unfooth'd "with those flakes of feather'd snow, which melted as they fell."

Capt. Seymour felt upon this occasion, a kind of transport, to which his heart was, till then, a stranger; but as he was too polite to give offence, he concealed his emotions under the disguise of complaisance, lest Miss Wasp should take the alarm.—When this agreeable conversation was ended, Charlotte retired. Mrs. Banks, who thought proper to continue in the room, took occasion to ask the gentlemen how they liked Charlotte's manner of speaking verse? Capt. Seymour declared he had never heard any thing so delicately soft as her voice, nor so inexpressibly moving as her manner. Upon his uttering these words, Miss Wasp instantly cried out, with some agitation,

tation, " A'lucky thought, Mrs. Banks,  
 " has come into my head, which will  
 " redress all the calamities of poor  
 " Charlotte. She shall go upon the  
 " stage, I am sure she will succeed ;  
 " and Mr. Hewit, who is acquainted  
 " with the manager, shall recommend  
 " her to him." " Upon my honour,  
 " says Capt. Seymour, if the lady is in  
 " distress, I know no means so likely  
 " to recover her from it." At these  
 words Mrs. Banks seemed greatly elated,  
 but made some scruple concerning the  
 loss of character, which young women  
 who go upon the stage, generally sus-  
 tain : " and, added she, Charlotte is very  
 " handsome." — When this discourse  
 was ended, Mrs. Banks took her leave ;  
 and the consequence of the stage-project,  
 will be related in the next chapter.



## C H A P. XIV.

CAPT. Seymour and Beau Hewit departed from Miss Wasp's with very different sensations. Capt. Seymour was charmed almost beyond recovery; and his ensuing night was spent in thinking on the fair unfortunate, who had quite subdued his soul. Beau Hewit was planning schemes how to make the adventure turn out to his interest; and, as Shakespear says, "mischief is very quick to enter into the heart of man," he soon fell upon one, which promised fair to answer his purpose.

Early next morning Mrs. Banks communicated to Charlotte Miss Wasp's project, and the approbation it met with from Capt. Seymour and Mr. Hewit. I will not disguise the truth, Charlotte was naturally sprightly, and dreaded nothing so much as obscurity, which she well knew is the necessary consequence of poverty. She had likewise in her constitution,

stitution, no small share of ambition, and a full consciousness of her own endowments.

Capt. Seymour, who made visits to Miss Wasp more frequently than usual, from other motives than those of courtship, had several opportunities of conversing with Charlotte, and dropping some hints of passion for her. Charlotte had already suffered too much by the perjury of men, to put any confidence in Seymour's protestations; and though she treated him with complaisance, she endeavoured to preserve her heart from becoming a party in favour of this amiable youth.

Beau Hewit (mean time) appeared extremely active in preparing the means of introducing Charlotte upon the stage, and animated her to pursue that resolution, from the undoubted success, he declared, it would be attended with.

He one day addressed her with unusual cheerfulness, and told her, while Miss Wasp had for some minutes quitted the room, (for both he and Capt. Seymour always saw her in Miss Wasp's apartments), that he had mentioned the circumstance of her going on the stage to some persons of figure, who declared they

they would espouse her interest, and make a party for her the first night of her appearance, which by her own choice was to be in the character of the Mourning Bride ; “ And, added he, one of them “ entreated you to accept of this small “ present, to purchase the necessary “ dresses for it ;” and then put into her hand a Bank note of fifty pounds. Charlotte was startled at this lavish bounty, and began to entertain suspicions, that a secret design was couched under it, and that some other plan was on foot to effect her undoing. But how insolent is the call of necessity ! She knew how deplorable her circumstances were, that she was supported chiefly by the charity of Mrs. Banks, which, added to the hurry of spirits so unexpected a bounty had thrown her into, and the return of Miss Wasp, induced her to accept the present, and endeavour again to compose herself.

That night the affair was talked fully over, and Mr. Hewit agreed to accompany her next evening to the manager’s, in order that he might hear her recite, and propose terms for her acceptance. Hewit was punctual to his hour ; he told her, that the manager would see her not

at his own house, but in a room he had hired, not far from the theatre, for the very purpose of instructing young beginners in the propriety of pronunciation, and the manner of action, which it was no easy task to attain.

Fluttering with expectation, and swelling with the most sanguine hopes of success, Charlotte accompanied the Beau to the place appointed. When they came there, some time intervened before the manager made his appearance, in which Hewit, with all the little art of which he was master, endeavoured to entertain her; to inspire her with a levity which makes some approach to wantonness, and to fill her mind with gay ideas. In this situation was Fanny, when a servant entered the room, and told Mr. Hewit, that the manager would in a moment wait upon them, and begged pardon for his delay, which was occasioned by an unforeseen accident. But before we give the particulars of this interview, let us turn our eyes a little towards Captain Seymour.



## C H A P. XV.

**I**T will be proper to remark, that a considerable time intervened between the first acquaintance which Capt. Seymour had with Charlotte, and the night she went with Beau Hewit to wait on the manager of the theatre. Though, in the first flashes of his admiration, he had approved this scheme, yet when he had more frequent opportunities to converse with Charlotte, and began to feel his passion increase, so as to excite him to make honourable addresses, he was against the project. He knew her success there, for more reasons than one, would determine his hopes, and forbid him ever to address her upon any other terms than those of a mistress; and he was now too much in love, to indulge one libertine idea of her: for no man who is really subject to love, and who feels the true sensations of passion, ever yet was disposed to ruin or seduce her he doats upon;  
on;



on ; for as all his happiness is treasured in his fair, so the least deviation from honour in her, would pierce him to the soul ; and he cannot be reasonably supposed to be an enemy to his own peace. Such considerations as these determined Capt. Seymour to oppose the scheme of Charlotte's appearing on the stage ; but as she put no confidence in his protestations, she was resolved not to let any opportunity of mending her fortune pass neglected.

Capt. Seymour had called that night at Miss Wasp's, when Beau Hewit and Charlotte went out to wait on the manager ; and when he was told that Charlotte was firmly resolved to go upon the stage, he seemed deeply affected, which not a little surprized Miss Wasp, as she had not yet found out his passion for her, so prudent was he in his behaviour, and so little cause did he give of suspicion. He soon took his leave ; and as melancholy is an evil which cannot be born with patience, he had recourse to an expedient, in order to dissipate the gloom and cheer his spirits.

He went to the play, and in a side-box met with a celebrated courtesan, who engaged him in conversation. He was  
willing

willing to indulge any circumstance to alleviate his melancholy ; and as that courtezan had acquired a good deal of fashionable knowledge, he thought himself happy in meeting with her. They both expressed their dislike to the play, which was the *Pilgrim of Fletcher*, and took no notice of the performance.

Seymour had been no stranger to the personal merits of this wench, that is, he had more than once intrigued with her ; and though she was then in keeping at a salary of five hundred a year, yet she never refused granting a favour to any man, of whose abilities she had a good opinion, which may be a lesson to all those simple sons of Folly who expect fidelity from a strumpet. She who will condescend to live with any man upon terms of dishonour, will make no great scruple to violate her word ; and though she may have sworn fidelity to one gallant, yet no sooner does another come in her way, than novelty, avarice, or curiosity, dispose her to make a trial, and she falls into his arms without much courtship or solicitation.

Seymour, a little recovered from the gloom which hung upon him, proposed to quit the box, and retire to a place

place of intrigue. This proposal was accepted by the courtesan ; and without regard to public decency, they went out together in the middle of the third act.

Some readers will be apt to condemn Seymour for this conduct, and alledge, that it is inconsistent with the passion of a lover to throw away any fondness upon an infamous woman. Let this answer suffice.—Though a man does not desire to seduce her he really loves, yet he is not dispossessed of his appetites ; he may be fond of a courtesan for a few minutes, while he is under their influence ; but this does not affect his mind, or prevent the more refined and generous passions from maintaining their influence in the soul. But it is now time to return to Charlotte, and relate the consequence of that interview.

CHAP.



## C H A P. XVI.

**C**HARLOTTE had never seen any of the players off the stage, and consequently could not be so well acquainted with their faces as to distinguish them in private company.

As soon as the gentleman made his appearance, Mr. Hewit, upon pretence of dispatching some urgent business, retired, with a promise to return immediately. The gentleman then opened the discourse, upon the occasion of their meeting, and observed, that Mr. Hewit, who was a very good judge, had spoken very warmly of her requisites to make an actress. He desired her to read, and put into her hand the Orphan : she read several speeches of that tragedy, with which he expressed great satisfaction ; and told her that she was not wanting either in voice or judgment ; and then made her several compliments on the fineness of her person, which he said  
would

would prejudice the audience in her favour. The gentleman then began to shew some warmer civilities to Charlotte; he offered to kiss her, which she did not resist, as the freedom is an innocent one; but he repeated it so frequently, that her delicacy was alarmed, and she began to fear that a snare was prepared for her.—  
 “Why so reserved, says the gentleman?  
 “Your profession leads you to be gay:  
 “it is impossible to please as an actress,  
 “without pleasing as a woman; and unless  
 “you put on an air of cheerfulness,  
 “you can never attain the necessary requisite  
 “of an actress.” To this she answered, “that what he said might  
 “possibly be true; but she was unaccustomed  
 “to such salutations; and if the want of  
 “modesty was one of the ingredients of an  
 “actress, she resolved never to be of that  
 “profession.”

After some conversation on the subject of modesty had passed, the gentleman then gave a proof that he was quite a stranger to that amiable quality. He found that soothing could not overcome so sensible a young lady as Charlotte seemed to be; and as he was resolved not to go without his gratification, he had recourse to violence.

I doubt

## 94 THE HISTORY OF

I doubt not the reader has, by this time, found out that this gentleman was not the manager of a theatre : but though the reader may have found it, Charlotte did not, and for some time remained in ignorance, as to his real character.

Our gallant, or pretended manager, had recourse to force ; he fastened the door, and struggled to enjoy her with the most brutal violence. Charlotte did not tamely submit to his base purpose, she resisted with all the force of which she was mistress ; she shrieked with the utmost energy, and finding that in vain, she fell on her knees, and begged him to spare an innocent creature, who would be ruined by his persisting. Her supplications would have melted any one but a practised ravisher, a wretch born to be the scourge of beauty, and the betrayer of innocence. He paid no regard to her tears, but snatching her suddenly in his arms, threw her upon the floor, and was about to perpetrate his purpose, when she fainted away, and the blood ran from her nose : she had received a thrust by his elbow in his last struggles with her, which occasioned her fainting ; and the desperate fall she had upon the floor produced an effusion from her nose. Her

## FANNY SEYMOUR.

Her shrieks and agonies alarmed a gentleman who was coming down stairs : he made an effort to burst into the room, which the ravisher observing, by a door which led into the next apartment, escaped unobserved.

We have already taken notice that Capt. Seymour came from the play, in company with a courtesan, and had retired with her to a house of intrigue. He was the gentleman, who, alarmed with the shrieks of a female voice, had generosity enough to attempt her deliverance. He at last burst open the door ; but what was his amazement, when he saw, extended upon the floor, a young lady weltering in blood, her hair dishevelled, and all the marks of distraction and violence about her ! As he was a man of the most tender disposition, he was struck with this appearance of distress ; but taking her in his arms, what was his astonishment, when he found the poor suffering injured beauty to be no other than Charlotte ! He had scarce power to use the proper means of her recovery, so impatient was he to know the particulars of the event.—As soon as she recovered, so as to be able to speak, or take notice of those about her, she felt in her turn, the

## THE HISTORY OF

the strongest astonishment, to observe him who supported her with his arms, and solicitous for her, to be Capt. Seymour ! She was covered with an inexpressible confusion ; her tongue faltered, and her eyes confessed her agitation.

It is but natural to suppose, that Charlotte, who owed her deliverance to Capt. Seymour from the hands of a ravisher, would make him the confidant of her story. She told him, that Mr. Hewit engaged to introduce her that night to the manager of one of the houses, for his approbation of her theatrical requisites ; that he soon took his leave after the manager came ; and that it was by him he called the manager, she had been thus abused. Seymour, as we have observed, had a high opinion of Hewit's honesty, but now it was somewhat lessened : he knew there must have been a scheme of villainy, or he would not have brought her to that house of intrigue ; and he was too penetrating not to know, that the pretended manager must have been some great man, who had hired Hewit, as a pander of his pleasures, to prostitute this young lady to his embraces. Of the truth of this Capt. Seymour



## FANNY SEYMOUR.

mour was persuaded, but he was at present under the greatest dilemma.

The night was already far spent, and the alarm of Charlotte's absence from her lodgings he knew would be of the worst consequence ; and going home with her at so unseasonable an hour, would rather increase than diminish the suspicion against her honour, as well as raise the jealousy of Miss Wasp, who could not be so dull as not to be moved upon the occasion. He resolved to continue where he was all night ; and as it would have been in vain to have solicited Charlotte to take any rest in a house, which he now believed infamous, he sat up with her ; and though an ill-natured reader may reckon this step of Charlotte's imprudent one, yet as at present there appears no means by which it could be avoided, without incurring greater danger, she ought to stand acquitted from any imputation arising from that circumstance. This adventure, no doubt, confirmed her good opinion of Capt. Seymour ; she owed him now the warm gratitude ; she could no longer entertain suspicions to his disadvantage ; and her heart began to plead his cause in a manner which lovers to their experience know, is irresistible.

F

CH A



## C H A P. XVII.

**T**H E confusion which Charlotte's absence occasioned to Mrs. Banks was inexpressible ; she was afraid of her having been betrayed, or, by some unhappy accident, murdered. Charlotte's appearance in the morning, restored her again to new life, and she heard her relation with astonishment and thankfulness. But Mrs. Banks, who was a woman of an unsuspecting temper, imagined other people to be as innocent in their dispositions as herself. She committed upon this occasion one blunder, which proved to poor Charlotte of the worst consequence. She told the whole story to Miss Wasp, who heard it in a different frame from what she used to be in, when any circumstance of Charlotte's distress was related to her. While Mrs. Banks blessed Capt. Seymour a thousand times for his generosity and honour, Miss Wasp

Wasp cursed him in her heart, and heard the story with indignation. She was now confirmed that Capt. Seymour loved her, and was resolved to effect her ruin for this very reason.

She began now to discover the cause of his having repeated his visits so frequently of late ; and her pride and jealousy summoned all her efforts to be revenged, not on Seymour, for she loved him, but on her who had charms to captivate him, and who was no otherwise guilty than as being too pleasing in Seymour's eyes. How justly is said of the fair sex in general, that

Greatly unfortunate, their fate is such,

They please too little, or they please too much.

How many a lady has brought misery upon herself by displaying too many charms ; and how many have thought themselves miserable because they had no charms to display !

But while these mischiefs are concerting to fall upon Charlotte, it will not be amiss to turn our attention a little to Capt. Seymour. He was resolved to sacrifice Hewit to his resentment, as soon as he could find him, which he had en-

deavoured, for some time, to do in vain. But while he was searching for this villain, an accident made him acquainted with the spring which set him going.

He had called at a tavern in Parliament-street; where men of fashion often dine, and made one amongst them that day. There were at the table three young lords, some private gentlemen of fortune, and officers in the army. Among the rest was lord Flutter, long renowned for his achievements in gallantry.

While the glass was going round, after dinner, lord Flutter, who never failed to boast of his amours, began to relate some of them; and finding they entertained the company, he was extremely brilliant upon his favourite topicks.—“ I had,” says he, “ t’other night, one of the “ strangest affairs upon my hand, which “ gave me a deal of trouble, and was “ not at last successful. A wench “ whom I met at Mrs. L——’s, under “ the character of a theatrical manager, “ disappointed me; she was very handsome, and intended to go upon the “ stage.” His lordship had said enough to rouse the fury of Seymour; who, starting from the table, instantly drew his

his sword, and calling upon lord Flutter, demanded satisfaction for his villainy ! his horrid intention ! This behaviour alarmed all who were present. Those who had a tenderness for Seymour, endeavoured to restrain his fury ; he was at last prevailed upon to put up his sword ; and in presence of the company gave his lordship a challenge to fight him next morning. This would have been defeated by his brother-officers, who intended to have had him put under an arrest, and so have prevented the duel. Seymour was a little composed, when the appearance of Hewit, who now entered the room, roused him to fresh distraction. He heaped upon him the deserved epithets of villain, a base betrayer, and a murderer of innocence. He drew his sword, and suddenly pointed it to his breast, which Hewit observing with amazement, stood on his defence ; and after a pass or two, Seymour run him through the body ; and as he imagined, by killing Hewit, he had performed an act of merit, though he might have escaped, he did not attempt it : He delivered himself to a magistrate ; and, as no bail can be taken for murder, he very cheerfully submitted to go to prison, there

to remain till tried by the laws of his country, which in this case must be effective against his life. In this situation, in this sudden reverse of fortune, we shall leave Seymour, and attend a little to some incidents which befel Charlotte.



## C H A P. XVIII.

**M**ISS Wasp, who now perfectly hated Charlotte, set all her engines at work to procure her ruin. She called upon Mrs. Mills, the woman in whose house they were lodged, and asked her if Charlotte was in her debt; and the old gentlewoman, who imagined Miss Wasp was going to discharge it, frankly told her how much was due from Charlotte. “She must leave your house in a week, continues Miss Wasp; or otherwise I must quit it; I’ll not dwell under the same roof with so odious a creature.” Mrs. Mills was a little surprized at this sudden alteration in Miss Wasp’s behaviour; but as she was governed by  
no

## FANNY SEYMOUR.

no other motive but that of interest, agreed to Miss's proposal ; and in a very severe manner told Charlotte to quit her lodgings, and pay the arrears. This unexpected demand threw her into a little confusion ; but recollecting she had a fifty pound note by her, she recovered her spirits. This note was given her by Hewit, as the intended price of her virtue, and of which she had, through inadvertency, or flutter of spirits, neglected to inform Mrs. Banks. She debated with herself whether she should now inform her ; and considering in every light, she thought proper not to do it, as it would perhaps raise in the lady's mind some suspicions that she had received the note, if not in consequence of a favour, at least for the promise of granting one, and might lessen her value in Mrs. Banks's esteem. As she was resolved however to take leave of Mr. Mills, she went out the next day, in order to get the note changed at the Bank.

While Charlotte was passing along Paul's Church-yard, she was accosted by a young gentleman, named William, whom she had not for some time seen. " O, Miss Granville, says he, I am proud of this interview ; I thought I never should see you again."

“ should again have had this pleasure ;  
 “ sure you have been out of the world  
 “ this great while.”—

Mr. Williams fell acquainted with this lady while she was at the last boarding-school ; he loved her, and even then courted her. She had a favourable opinion of him, and was not displeased at the accident, which brought them together.—“ My dear Miss Granville, where  
 “ are you going ? When and where  
 “ can I see you ? for I shall now be  
 “ more impatient than ever to visit you.” She told him she was going to the Bank about some business. “ The Bank ! so  
 “ fair a creature do business at the Bank !  
 “ says he ; besides, it is now shut up,  
 “ and will not be opened ’till three in  
 “ the afternoon. — You have not  
 “ dined ?” To this last question she answered in the negative ; when Mr. Williams pressed her to partake of a collation at a tavern in Cheapside, which he intreated with a solicitude not to be resisted. When they came to the tavern, the conversation turned upon the little incidents of their tender age, which each of them remembered : they passed the hour with the most innocent conversation.

After



After dinner Miss Granville (for she concealed the change of her name) told Mr. Williams what her business at the Bank was, which he offered to execute for her, and return immediately. To this our fair unfortunate could see no objection ; for she had a firm reliance on the honour of Mr. Williams. She gave him the note ; and he then for a few minutes took his leave : but how was she surprized when these few minutes were extended to half an hour. She waited another half hour, he did not appear ; another, another, and another, and still there was no account of him. She was now in the most deplorable distress, she began to think her money was gone, that Williams had betrayed her ; and her distress was heightened by the embarrassment which her being in a tavern exposed her to : she knew not how to discharge the reckoning, and dreaded ill treatment from the people of the house. She was at last obliged to tell the landlord, that the gentleman who dined with her, had gone out to the Bank, to change a note, and had not thought proper to return, which rendered it impossible for her to discharge her reckoning : to this the landlord paid no regard, and told her

F 5

bluntly

bluntly he did not believe a word of it, and insisted upon having his money instantly. Charlotte replied, it was impossible, for she could not pay when she had no money. "Not pay ! says he, you are  
 " a strumpet, one of those huffies about  
 " town, that live upon bilking honest  
 " men : you deserve to go to Bridewell,  
 " and I'll send you there, you impudent  
 " w——." He spoke these words in a terrifying voice, and ringing the bell, ordered one of the waiters to call a constable. Charlotte was now ready to faint away ; this insult, this dread of being sent to a house of infamy, affected her more than the loss of her money ; and bursting into tears, she cried out, in the most affecting voice, " O that I had not  
 " met Mr. Williams ! What an unhappy  
 " wretch am I !" These words, uttered in the most piercing accent, alarmed a young gentleman, who was running down stairs ; he entered the room, and no sooner threw his eyes on Charlotte, and beheld her lovely in distress, than his soul was melted with compassion. He enquired of the landlord the cause of this disturbance ; he answered in the roughest manner, " That vile woman there, had  
 " dined in his house with a fellow she  
 " called

“ called Williams, who had run away  
 “ from her, and that she could not pay  
 “ her reckoning ; but, says he, I’ll take  
 “ care she shall play no more such tricks :  
 “ I have sent for a constable, and will  
 “ have her committed to Bridewell.”  
 “ Sent to Bridewell ! says the young gen-  
 “ tleman ; no, Sir, she shall not go to  
 “ Bridewell ; and if you dare to insult  
 “ her any more, by all that’s sacred,  
 “ I’ll make you repent it. Here, fel-  
 “ low, take your reckoning ; and then  
 “ put a guinea into his hand.” The  
 landlord, who was a coward, and one of  
 the most despicable wretches that ever  
 was dignified by the name of a common  
 council-man, was now appeased ; he took  
 his money, and then changed his note,  
 bowed and cringed, and begged the lady  
 a thousand pardons ; he did not mean to  
 be rude, but people must have their  
 money.—“ Hold, says the young gen-  
 “ tleman, not a word more, or I’ll make  
 “ you repent your insolent language.”  
 The landlord returned an impertinent an-  
 swer to this, upon which the gentleman  
 knocked him down, and called upon his  
 servants to take care of him : he then  
 paid his compliments to the lady in the  
 civilest manner, and offered to see her  
 F 6 home,

home, which obliging offer she thought proper to refuse ; but in the politest manner thanked him for his extraordinary civility, and generous act of kindness he had shewn her.

Charlotte went home ; and if the reader is anxious to know whether Williams was, or was not a villain, he must awhile suspend his curiosity, till he is acquainted with some more particulars of Charlotte.



## C H A P. XIX.

**U**NDER the greatest dejection of spirits did Charlotte return home ; she began now to consider herself as doomed to be unhappy ; and a melancholy which approaches to despair took possession of her mind. In this situation she communicated the dilemma she was in to Mrs. Banks, who was then unable to assist her with money, but offered to interpose her credit with Mrs. Mills, who, upon holding a consultation with Miss Wasp, refused to accept it ; and the wicked jezebel took out a writ, and had

had it served against her ; and our young lady was seized upon by the barbarous hands of licensed ruffians, who live upon the flesh and blood of the necessitous.

Without the least ceremony, she was dragged from the arms of Mr. Banks, who parted from her with a sorrow which resembles that of a fond mother, when she takes her last look of favourite son, whom inclination or necessity induces to take a long farewell. Mrs. Banks had in her nature the utmost humanity ; and as she loved our heroine with a motherly affection, she was upon this occasion drowned in tears. She saw the ruffians force her into a coach, and would herself have attended her, but that they absolutely refused to permit her.—Before the coach had driven as far as the place of confinement, (to which they intended to carry her) it by an accident broke down, and produced no small alarm to the fair prisoner, who was now the prey of two barbarous fellows. This circumstance assembled a number of people, who, upon such occasions, usually gaze upon those who have the misfortune to meet with accidents of this kind.

The

The two ruffians stepped out of the coach, and dragged out their beautiful charge with a ferocity and violence that soon convinced the mob, that she was subjected to their power.—The mob never fail to be the enemies of people of this profession, and began to treat them with a freedom, which intimated that their attempt to carry off their prisoner would be in vain. They called another coach, endeavoured to push her into it, and laid their rough hands upon the most delicate excellence that nature ever formed.

While these things were transacting, a gentleman came by, who enquired into the cause of the disturbance, and finding that a young lady was likely to fall into the hands of two bailiffs, was sensibly touched with her misfortune ; but felt more than tenderness when he looked at the suffering object.

A person acquainted with the ways of the town, and who had conversed much in familiar life, would have improved this opportunity, of making an escape from the hands of the bailiffs, but Charlotte was quite ignorant of these things ; and besides was so overcome with terror, by means of her dangerous situation, that she

she was incapable even of reflecting upon what had passed. She was carried into a tavern, supported by two men, and was really thrown into a state of insensibility. During this time, the bailiffs had dispatched proper persons, to call in more of their own profession to assist them, in case a desperate resistance should be made in favour of the young lady. When their reinforcement came, they made an attempt to secure her, in the weak condition in which she then was ; but the gentleman, who had espoused her interest, swore, whoever should attempt to seize her should feel his immediate vengeance. The gentleman uttering these last words in a resolute tone, and having his sword in his hand, deterred them from making any approach : and as the people, whom curiosity had drawn into the tavern where the young lady was, were much interested in her favour, by means of her amiable person, which is so singular an advantage, that it procures both friends and admirers when no other quality is able to attract them ; so they assisted to repel the officers of law, and at last thrust them out of the room. In the meantime, the gentleman (whom the reader shall know under the name of Digby) proposed

proposed in that interval of peace, a chair should be called, and that the lady should make her escape by a private passage from the tavern, in order to avoid being exposed to any further tumult. He offered to conduct her home, and to warrant her security while she was under his protection. As soon as he mentioned the word Home, she laboured under an inexpressible confusion. Alas ! she had no home, but where danger and distress waited ; and where to betake her she knew not, as her necessitous circumstances were such, that she could nowhere find an asylum where her honour was secure ; but as she, of all things, dreaded the thoughts of a gaol, she resolved to risk any thing rather than stay where she was. She remembered that a young lady, with whom she had contracted the greatest intimacy, while at the boarding-school, was lately married to a wealthy merchant of the city of London, and there she desired to be carried, in hopes of meeting a kind reception from her ; and as she resolved immediately to acquaint Mrs. Banks with what had happened, who she doubted not would provide some means for her safety, she considered this as the best expedient.

To



To this house Mr. Digby accompanied her, and was not a little surprized, to find that the master of it was his intimate acquaintance, and that he had known the lady, on whom our heroine relied, ever since her marriage.

They arrived at the house ; and Mrs. Durrel immediately, upon hearing there was company, made her appearance. She at first seemed not to know our beautiful sufferer ; and put on an air of such assumed superiority, as was sufficient to have shocked any one of the least delicacy. Charlotte recalled such circumstances to her memory, as she could no longer have any doubt of her pretensions ; but then the plight our young lady appeared in, the terror that was in her looks, and her being accompanied by Mr. Digby, carried in them so much mystery, that she could scarce believe her relation.

Mr. Digby communicated the whole affair of his rescuing her from the hands of two bailiffs, and informed Mrs. Durrel the danger he was exposed to in doing it. This hint was sufficient to raise the curiosity of the merchant's wife, who took the first opportunity, as soon as our young lady had composed her spirits, of  
hearing

hearing some account of the incidents which introduced her to that distress. But before she satisfied Mrs. Durrel's curiosity, she begged leave to write to Mrs. Banks a short letter, which she delivered to a footman, to put into the penny-post. This letter contained a brief detail of her last adventure, and an entreaty for Mrs. Banks to come and see her at the house of Mr. Durrel.

Charlotte's spirits being quite spent with fatigue, she begged leave, as soon as supper was over, to retire to rest; and as Mrs. Durrel's behaviour began to be a little more affable, she felt great peace of mind, in the thoughts of being safe, and rescued from the paws of two cruel devourers.

In the morning she impatiently waited the visit of Mrs. Banks, but was told it was not possible the letter could reach her so soon; she composed herself therefore till the afternoon, when still she did not appear; and she now entertained some jealousy that Mrs. Banks had forsaken her in her distress, and that consideration much affected her.

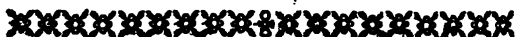
In the evening, Mrs. Durrel, who had given her repeated assurances of kindness, invited her to go to a private assembly;

sembly ; which, however, she would by no means consent to, as she knew herself unfurnished with a necessary appearance ; and had besides a heart too little at ease to have any enjoyment at a party of pleasure. Her refusal determined Mrs. Durrel, who was really a very compassionate lady, not to go out, and from civility gave our heroine her company.

Mr. Durrel, the merchant, was one of those heavy mortals on whom no distress could make impresson, no beauty charm, nor any delicacy allure. He heard the story of our heroine with the most superlative indifference, nor gave himself any trouble about her : he was not indeed rude ; but then as he was far from complaisant, a person accustomed to good manners could scarce help hating him for his unfeeling and ungentle behaviour. His chief passion was money, and his soul was as sordid as his understanding narrow.



C H A R

*D Vaughan*

## C H A P. XX.

**M**R. Digby, whose compassion excited him to interfere in the rescue of our heroine from the vultures who had laid their cruel hands upon her, had received the next day a letter, which commanded his immediate departure from England, to which he was under an absolute necessity to yield obedience. From what he could learn of Charlotte, he found her a young lady exposed to necessities; and as her person was so very advantageous, he thought this opportunity was not to be slighted, of making love to her.

Another day had elapsed in painful anxiety, without the appearance of Mrs. Banks, which so extremely shocked Charlotte, that this state of suspense concerning the fidelity of her friend, was more uneasy to her than almost any situation she could be thrown into. Sometimes she began to think that her enemies had  
won

won Mrs. Banks over to their interest ; and in order that she might be the more distressed, prevailed upon that lady not to assist her either with advice or money. At other times she reproached herself for harbouring so mean a suspicion, and was disposed to think that her letter had miscarried, or had been opened by some person in the house, who might suspect its coming from herself, and have kept it up from Mrs. Banks. She was under these agitations when a footman told her, that a young woman from Mrs. Banks wanted to speak with her. It is easy to imagine the pleasure that this report gave her ; she flew to the door, and immediately went into a room with the young woman, who told her, that Mrs. Banks was at a house in the neighbourhood, where she waited to see her, and desired she might come immediately. When Charlotte asked the maid the reason that Mrs. Banks did not come to Mrs. Durrel's ? she made answer, " that Mrs. Banks had told her, that she had been once acquainted with Mr. Durrel, that there had been a quarrel between them, though perhaps he had now forgot it ; but that she was afraid if they should meet, it would renew it again, and

and deprive her of what advantage might arise from his wife's friendship." This sensible answer was satisfactory to Charlotte, who took her leave of Mrs. Durrel for a short time, and accompanied the maid to the house, where Mrs. Banks was said to be.

When she entered the house, which was that of a tradesman, seemingly in tolerable circumstances, a little boy in livery, who saw her, as she was stepping up stairs, suddenly stopped her, and whispered to this effect : " Madam, you " are betrayed." The poor lady started, but she had not time to recover, till she found herself in a room elegantly furnished. She threw herself into an easy chair, and was wiping a tear from her eye, while she uttered the name of Mrs. Banks, when of a sudden the door flew open, and Mr. Digby appeared before her. His finding Charlotte in tears, at first very sensibly touched him ; for it is certainly true, that a man may be compassionate in his temper, and yet have but little honour in his nature. A man may be moved when an object of distress is placed before him, and yet may take the first opportunity to seduce the wife of his friend, ruin his mistress, or sell his

his country. Nature has given to some a certain quickness of sensibility, which is known by the name of tenderness, and yet may have implanted in them such a violent desire of pleasure, that even this tenderness is lost, when pleasure is a party, and all considerations human and divine fly before it.

He at first endeavoured to sooth our weeping beauty ; for he was not a little master of the arts of wheedling ; but he found all his address not sufficiently powerful. The first words she spoke to him were, “ O, Mr. Digby, why did you  
 “ rescue me from the hands of the of-  
 “ ficers of justice, for just they were  
 “ when compared to you, in order to  
 “ betray me to a greater calamity ! I  
 “ trembled at the thoughts of confine-  
 “ ment, but what were those thoughts  
 “ when compared to these which now  
 “ distract me ! If you have any huma-  
 “ nity or honour in you, let me return  
 “ to Mrs. Durrel’s : do not take the  
 “ cruel advantage of my necessities to  
 “ ruin me : did you but hear the story  
 “ of my sufferings, you would think I  
 “ had already been sufficiently persecuted  
 “ by fortune and by your sex.” — “ Do  
 “ not blame me, my angel, replied he,  
 “ I am

" I am about to make you happy ; I  
 " will marry you ; we shall never part.  
 " I am under a necessity to go now  
 " abroad to the West-Indies, to take  
 " possession of an ample fortune which  
 " is now devolved upon me. I cannot,  
 " nor will not go without you. You  
 " shall be mine in the firmest bands of  
 " wedlock. I mean not to seduce you ;  
 " Heaven forbid I should ! But the vessel  
 " on board which we are to embark, is  
 " to sail this afternoon, and we must  
 " presently go to it ; but, if you chuse  
 " it, a ceremony shall be performed im-  
 " mediately."

The reader may judge in what situa-  
 tion the poor lady was in upon hearing  
 these offers. Marry !—that had more  
 terror than even captivity itself. She  
 had not forgot Capt. Seymour, his dear  
 image rose continually to her mind ; and  
 she would rather have suffered death than  
 have given her hand to another. But  
 then to be dragged into slavery, to be  
 taken by force from those whom she  
 had reason to believe loved her, and who  
 could not but censure her conduct, when-  
 ever it should be known in what situation  
 she went abroad, without enquiring whe-  
 ther it was produced by violence !—

Another



Another consideration sat heavy on her : she was to be in the power of an amorous young gentleman, who might by force perpetrate his purpose, and that too in a place where all were interested so much in him, as not to dare to oppose his design. She knew her shrieks would be in vain, and her tears unavailing : that she might as well cry to the boisterous waves as to the sailors ; and that tears could never melt those who were capable of committing such violence.

While she was overwhelmed with these thoughts, she was carried into a coach, and continued almost insensible till she found herself in the cabin of a vessel, where the scene was entirely new to her. Surprise and terror, like every other passion, subside in time : the vessel could not sail that afternoon, and she found her spirits begin to return. She was told by the foot-boy, who has been already mentioned, that his master was just gone a-shore, but would return immediately : this hint gave her new life ; she made an attempt to have escaped ; but the captain of the vessel, without whose knowledge it was impossible she should escape, had her narrowly watched.

G

The

The foot-boy, whom our heroine had reason to believe was in her interest, was the only person on whom she could rely, having told her he was going a-shore, a thought came in her head, which she immediately carried into execution. She had already written to Mrs. Banks, and had now reason to believe that the letter was intercepted by Mr. Digby, and was consequently under great uneasiness, to think that good lady should be distressed on her account. She was now resolved to write to Capt. Seymour, as she knew that in this emergency he was more likely to rescue her. She wrote to him in as concise terms as possible, and intrusted the letter to the foot-boy. This boy, however low in his station, yet had such qualities, that we think it not beneath the dignity of our history to give a short account of him.

His father was a distressed clergyman, who had given him a domestic education, as much as his years would permit : he had never enjoyed above 40*l.* per Ann. and lived in a perpetual state of misery and oppression. He died suddenly, and left his son an orphan. The child was without friends or money, and in a situation

tion truly deplorable. Mr. Digby, who had some knowledge of him, took him into his protection, as he found him to have an extraordinary acuteness. He made him for some time wear a livery, but was resolved to compleat his education as soon as his affairs were settled.

This boy had certainly the most amiable qualities ; he seems to have been born with a good heart : he had learned by some conversation which dropped from his master at table, his design against this young lady, and he took the first opportunity to warn her of it.



## C H A P. XXI.

**T**HE foot-boy was hastening ashore, in order to carry the letter, when he was surprized by his master, who came upon him while he was putting it into a concealed pocket for the greater security. He took it from him ; and as he suspected by whom it was written, he

examined the contents, and stood perfectly astonished : he could discover by the letter that Capt. Seymour loved our heroine, otherwise, upon such an occasion, she would not have addressed him. She had dropped some hints, that if ever his professions were sincere, — if he had any tenderness for her, he would come and rescue her from the hands of a ravisher : — that in a few hours, and she would be lost to him for ever. She acquainted him of the danger in which she was, and entreated him to make no delay.

Few people are so lost to honour as to be entirely without gratitude : Capt. Seymour was the cousin of Mr. Digby, and owed him many obligations ; for while he lived in London, under the displeasure of his father, Capt. Seymour helped to support him ; and they had continued in the greatest intimacy. He started at ingratitude ; and had Charlotte been a thousand times more beautiful than she was, he would not have presumed to touch her, nor to carry her off. Capt. Seymour he knew was then in distress, occasioned by an accident we have already seen ; and to have betrayed him in so tender a point as that of his love, would

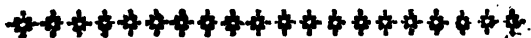
would have been adding villainy to villainy ; and few are capable of so complicated iniquity.

While he was under the influence of these thoughts, he went to the lady and told her, that since she could not reconcile her mind, neither to become his wife, nor to accompany him abroad, she should now be at liberty ; that he would order a boat to row her ashore, and a coach to carry her to Mrs. Durrel's. This unexpected turn in his resolution not a little surprized her ; she knew not to what cause to impute it, but was so elated with joy, that she thanked him with as much complaisance as if he had been conferring upon her a singular favour. He took his leave of her with seeming tenderness, and thought proper entirely to conceal the motives which induced him to that behaviour. He was certainly ashamed of what he had done ; and though he was really ignorant of the connection between our young lady and his cousin, yet he knew that as soon as Seymour should be restored again to his liberty, and know this attempt, he would call him to account for it, in a manner that would not be agreeable ; and that he would find great difficulty

to convince him of the real truth of the circumstances. He was therefore in hopes, by concealing his motives from Charlotte, that it might escape his knowledge, as he did not chuse to lose so valuable a friend, or to draw down the imputation of ingratitude upon himself.

Digby's character seems to have been of the mixed kind. That he intended to have debauched our heroine, appears to me abundantly clear, though he did not care to do it by those violent means, to which a man of less delicacy would have had immediate recourse. He knew that the pleasure of intriguing cannot be great, unless it be reciprocal ; and therefore, as he imagined he had time enough to effect it, he rather endeavoured to seduce her ; first to remove from her mind all terrors of guilt, and then make an easy transition to the enjoyment of her person ; for when once the mind is corrupted, the body will quickly yield, and prostitution is not far off : which consideration has determined me to be of opinion, that to seduce by gentle and slow degrees is a greater crime than to possess by violence. Guilt in the last case is only upon one side ; in the former, the guilt is mutual. But, if he had  
then

then no honour with respect to women; we find him not quite so bad as to seduce the favourite of his friend ; he was not lost to gratitude : and though he may be fairly pronounced a bad man, he had not yet arrived at the last stages of corruption.



## C H A P. XXII.

**W**HEN our young lady returned to Mrs. Durrel's, she was not a little perplexed in her mind, how to behave upon the circumstance that had lately happened. She knew Mrs. Durrel would enquire the cause of her being so long in returning ; and she likewise feared that if the true one was assigned, that that lady would entertain suspicions of her. But, as Charlotte was above the meanness of dissimulation, she resolved at any rate to speak the truth. She told Mrs. Durrel all the circumstances which had happened to her since she went

out on purpose to meet Mrs. Banks. The lady heard them, but, as Charlotte had guessed, she heard them with suspicion. "Surely, says she, miss, there must be some mystery in this affair! Mr. Digby is a man of reputation, he could not be guilty of such an act of barbarity: you know how compassionate he was in rescuing you from the hands of those who would have carried you to jail, and now to commit a treachery, I know not how to believe it." She ended with a significant look, and said, "I am afraid the kidnapping has been by consent." — "Consent! (replies our young lady) and why could not I have continued with him, if it had been by consent? You cruelly wrong me by supposing it; nor would you have done so, if you were not willing to take the advantage of my distress, to use me with so much freedom." This last speech, uttered in a sharp tone, and which was certainly imprudent in Charlotte, provoked Mrs. Durrel; she made a very rude reply, in so vehement a voice, that Mr. Durrel, who was in the next room, came in, and in his usual surly manner demanded the cause of their contest. Mrs. Durrel, who dreaded



dreaded her tyrant, told him what had passed; and finding an imputation was thrown upon Mr. Digby, from whose fortune he expected to advance his own, he flew into a rage. "This creature here, accuse Mr. Digby! says he; a gentleman worth two thousand pounds a year! It ill becomes her. I tell you, madam, (looking at his wife) you shall harbour no such people about you. Let the young woman shift somewhere else, she shall not be sheltered in my house; I will harbour no such idle people." "Stop, sir, returns Charlotte, give yourself no trouble about me; I shall this minute take my leave. How barbarously must they be treated, who are under the pressure of fortune!" Upon saying this, she rose from her seat, and with tears in her eyes, gave a salute to Mrs. Durrel, who durst not, before her husband, return it otherwise than coldly.

Mrs. Durrel, who was rather petulant than ill-natured, a habit which she had contracted by living in an association where disinterestedness, easiness, affability and true politeness are seldom known, was really grieved for what had happened. She did not mean to have insulted

Charlotte; she only proposed her scruples in a manner far from delicate. She followed her to the door, and on seeing the tears swimming in her eyes, she gave her a look of kind intention, for the tender scenes of youth rose to her mind, and she really loved our beauteous sufferer; but she durst not for the world desire her to return, nor could gain time enough to enquire where she was going, or to offer her any assistance.

She departed from Mr. Durrel's house in as forlorn a situation as can be imagined. Her appearance, by means of the fatigue she had undergone, and not being able to renew her dress, was now disadvantageous; and perplexity and confusion were painted on her brow.——She had now no resource but to go to Mrs. Banks, at the hated house which Mrs. Mills and Miss Wasp inhabited. Thither she bent her course, wearied out with the oppressions she had undergone, want of sleep, and want of food; for these few days past she had little or no appetite: she felt herself extremely faint, and was ready to drop down in the street, and had it not in her power to call a coach; such was the situation of her finances at that time.

As

As she came along Fleet-street, she cast her eye into a shop where chocolate and coffee are sold cheap to poor people, who occasionally pass by, and who are not able to afford better sustenance. She saw some of her own sex sitting in it, pretty clean, and whose appearance bespoke them modest. To this place she went, in order to rest her fatigued limbs, and take what refreshment it afforded.

She sat down full of gloomy apprehensions. She called for a dish of chocolate, and changed the last six-pence she had in the world, to pay for it. She was stepping out of the door, in order to continue her progress to Mrs. Banks's lodging, when she found her arm rudely squeezed, by one who seemed designedly to affront her. She did not at first recollect his face, but he soon informed her who he was.——“ So, says he, madam, “ I have caught you at last, have I ? “ The devil shall not take you from me “ now. Come, come along with me : “ What do you think I am to pay your “ debt for you ? No, by G—d, nor for “ no body else. That d—d b—h, “ Mills, insisted upon my paying it, be- “ cause you escaped out of my hands. “ —I will now take a coach that will not  
G 6 “ break

“ break down, and secure you snug.”— She was convinced from his speech, if she had not remembered his face, that this fellow was no other than the bailiff who had before arrested her; and he soon let her feel it to her experience; for without much noise he forced her into a coach, hurried her away to the Poultry-Compter, and had her thrust amongst the common debtors.



## C H A P. XXIII.

**T**HIS event happened so unexpectedly and so instantaneously, that tho' it was really a calamitous one, it did not shock her so much as it would have done upon another occasion. Her mind was employed in forming gloomy notions of what was to befall her; and she sometimes reflected upon the behaviour of Mr. Durrel, and the escape Mr. had made from Digby, that even this gloomy jail appeared not half so terrible

terrible to her, as before she had imagined it would. She called for a glass of water, and enquired if it would be permitted her to write to a friend; and upon her being answered in the affirmative, by a modest-looking man, who stood near her, she recollected her spirits, and writ a line to Mrs. Banks: but before the letter could possibly reach her, by means of the penny-post, Mrs. Banks was at the Compter; for the fellow, immediately upon securing our young lady, communicated the circumstance to Mrs. Mills, to prevent her from prosecuting him. This news soon came to the ears of Mrs. Banks, who had suffered inexpressible anxieties, ever since she heard of Charlotte's escape. She came with all the haste of which she was capable; and the interview between them was exceeding tender and affecting. Charlotte related all that had happened, in her absence; and Mrs. Banks gave a detail of those sufferings she underwent on her account.

When these fervours had subsided, Mrs. Banks, who was shocked with the gloominess of the place, made it her business to procure a room on the better side of the prison; and for an exorbitant price

price had one assigned for our lovely prisoner, till her affairs could be settled, of which Mrs. Banks had then a near prospect.



## C H A P. XXIV.

**I**T is customary in that prison for the company to visit one another, and make their little parties at dinner, or tea, and by these means alleviate the gloomy hours, which would otherwise be intolerable to those from whom fortune has taken the inestimable blessing of liberty.

The second day of Charlotte's being in this jail, a lady who lodged in the next room, sent in her compliments, expressing a desire of drinking tea with her, and, if not disagreeable, a gentleman would accompany her. Charlotte, who had spent almost all the hours she had been in the jail, in the bitterest reflections, such as distress produces, was glad to have her thoughts diverted for an hour from the melancholy with which she found herself oppressed. She readily embraced the opportunity

portunity of receiving a visit from the lady, whose misfortunes had thrown her into the same situation.

There is no greater alleviation of misery, than the reflection that many are subject to it; and that he who suffers does not suffer alone. This alleviation proceeds not from any malevolent disposition towards those who suffer with us, but from a sense of the wisdom of Providence, which so directs human affairs, that no calamity is permitted to befall any person singly, as if he were marked by Heaven as the object of vengeance, but arising from the nature of things, and the righteous disposition of events: and tho' every calamity is to be deprecated, yet none ever were afflicted but for some excellent purpose, which the Author of Nature, who best knows what is fit for us, intends to serve by the quivers of distress.

The reader will pardon this reflection, as he has not throughout these Memoirs been much troubled with them; the occasion of it is important, and tends to fortify the mind against pain.

Ought not they who are depressed by poverty, to consider that many as worthy as themselves labour under the same severities of fortune? And whoever lan-  
guishes

guishes in a jail, should reflect, that here is one instance of oppression perhaps as pungent, as that which produced their confinement. Here is now within the walls of a prison, a beauteous young innocent, pursued by miseries; who seems to be born for suffering; and who, without any guilt of her's, has been toss'd by the whirlwind of life, and exposed to all the rigours of secret rage, and unprovoked malevolence.

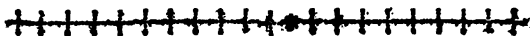
At four o'clock, the lady, in compliance with her promise, paid a visit to Charlotte; and the gentleman, whom she had mentioned would accompany her, being a little busy, did not appear for half an hour.

The two ladies, who were strangers to one another, entered upon general conversation; and, as there was no mutual confidence, so nothing particular, or worth relation, passed between them. A person at last knocked at the door, and Charlotte went to open it; which she no sooner had done, than she was struck speechless, with the sight of a man she little expected to meet there, and to whom she owed her present distress. This person was no other than Williams, with whom the reader is already acquainted:



quainted: his amazement was equally great, and discovered itself by a down-cast countenance, and inexpressible confusion. The strange lady could not help being likewise seized with wonder, and was no doubt curious to know the cause which produced these emotions.

After the first salutations were over, Mr. Williams (a little composed) sat down to tea; and the lady discovering an uneasiness hang upon them both, imagined herself might be the cause; and in consequence of this conjecture, as soon as tea was over, politely took her leave; when Williams related to Charlotte what the reader will find inserted in the next chapter.



## CHAP. XXV.

**A**FTER many apologies, and a variety of nameless acts of civility, Mr. Williams thus addressed himself to Charlotte.

“My

“ My dear Miss Granville, I should  
“ not wonder if you reproached me in  
“ the bitterest manner, for my infidelity  
“ to you, and a base breach of promise.  
“ Perhaps I am the cause of this deplor-  
“ able situation in which you now are :  
“ perhaps it is owing to me that your  
“ delicate nature is shocked by the con-  
“ finement of a prison. These thoughts  
“ indeed distract me : but if my dear Miss  
“ Granville will permit me, I will endea-  
“ vour to clear myself from the imputa-  
“ tion of a villain, an epithet you had  
“ too good reason to fix upon me : I am  
“ indeed no villain. Will you hear my  
“ excuse ? I am persuaded you will pardon  
“ me ; and if I am unfortunate, I have  
“ not willingly injured so sweet a crea-  
“ ture.” Charlotte was touched with the  
concern with which she saw Mr. Williams  
agitated : she expressed a curiosity to hear  
his relation, and emboldened by her con-  
descending affability, he proceeded.

“ A few minutes after I left you, I  
“ was accosted by two fellows, who pro-  
“ duced an authority to seize my person.  
“ I remonstrated with them, and entreat-  
“ ed the favour to return to the tavern,  
“ which they considering as merely eva-  
“ sive, refused. I then endeavoured to  
effect

" effect by force, what they denied to  
 " my submissive solicitation; but this  
 " resistance was desperate, they overcame  
 " me, and carried me to a house of ex-  
 " tortion. The debt for which I was  
 " arrested was 25l. This I offered to  
 " pay, that I might return to you and in-  
 " form you of the whole transaction:  
 " but when the ruffians saw me possessed  
 " of a note for fifty pounds, one of them  
 " made information to another creditor  
 " of mine, who immediately took out a  
 " fresh action for double the sum. In  
 " this situation was I, about four hours  
 " after I left you at the tavern. Should  
 " you object my presuming to discharge  
 " any part of my debt with your money,  
 " as unwarrantable, I plead guilty to the  
 " charge: but Heaven is my witness that  
 " I intended the moment I recovered  
 " my liberty, to have repaid you the  
 " money, by application to a worthy  
 " friend of mine, who upon hearing the  
 " story, would have advanced me the  
 " sum: he would I am sure; for he  
 " yesterday discharged the debts for  
 " which I am confined here, and I only  
 " wait some matters of form being  
 " finished. And, Miss Granville, I shall  
 " never taste Liberty, till you can share  
 " it

“ it with me. Whatever is the sum for  
“ which you are prisoner, shall be paid,  
“ or otherwise I will remain with you,  
“ and rather suffer with the lady I have  
“ injured, than breathe the free air,  
“ while any one by my means is lan-  
“ guishing in a jail.” He had scarce  
uttered these words, when Mr. Ed-  
wards, the gentleman of whom he  
had been speaking, entered the room:  
he had called at Mr. Williams’s apart-  
ments, and being told where he was, he  
presumed to disturb him.

The reader, as well as Charlotte, must  
be surprized to find Mr. Edwards the  
same gentleman who had so generously  
relieved her at the tavern, and acted the  
part of a man of honour towards her in  
that perplexing dilemma.

Mr. Edwards had no sooner recovered  
his surprize, than he began to congrat-  
ulate Williams upon his new secession  
of fortune: “ You are now, says Mr.  
“ Edwards, one of the happiest men  
“ I know. Your old cruel grandfather  
“ is at last dead; a fair fortune is de-  
“ volved upon you; and I wish you  
“ a thousand times, all the joy and hap-  
“ piness which is the natural attendant  
“ upon so ample a provision. And, dear  
“ Charles,

“Charles, you will feel it the more,  
 “that you have lately experienced a little  
 “of the bitter of life; like those who  
 “have been sick, the restoration of  
 “health is relished with double satisfac-  
 “tion; and you can value affluence so  
 “much the more, as you have felt  
 “misery acutely.”

As Mr. Williams's story is somewhat singular, and not a little interesting, we shall without apology present it to the Reader.



## CHAP. XXVI.

**T**HE grandfather of Mr. Williams, whom Mr. Edwards had mentioned was just dead, had lived to a very old age; he had carried arms at the Revolution, enjoyed a post under king William, and being naturally of an avaricious temper, amassed a very considerable fortune, which he every day improved. His son, the father of Mr. Williams,

Williams, had married a lady, descended from a Scotch family, of very opposite principles to that of his own. The lady had many accomplishments; but she wanted that which was in the old man's eyes most engaging, viz. a fortune. He paid little regard to the distinctions of blood and family; he had been early taught that a man's best friend is his money, and in compliance with that lesson, regulated his whole life. He was so enraged at his son's marrying in so poor a family, that he absolutely forbid him to come into his presence, nor would contribute any thing towards the support of him and his young wife. This resentment obliged his son, who was bred to no employment, to live very miserably at the house of his father-in-law, a gentleman of a small estate, and one who used to boast, that his poverty proceeded from his principles, and valued himself on his steadiness to what he called the Good Cause.

This father-in-law was eternally preaching up to his family the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance, in which as he was certainly mistaken, so it is to be presumed he was honestly mistaken; for he had either by prejudice imbibed that doctrine,

doctrine, (contrary to common sense and reason) or had been deluded by the sophistry of some cunning disputant, to believe a tenet which shocks all the perceptions of humanity.

It happened that the lady, to whom young Mr. Williams was married, inherited from her father these odd notions of obedience; and as she could persuade with double influence, and as Mr. Williams had not very bright parts, he was won over to the opinion of his wife and father-in-law. Unluckily for him, much about that time, while he was living servilely dependent upon his father-in-law, a rebellion, in favour of the son of an abdicated monarch, broke out in Scotland. The old man gave several hints to his son-in-law, that if he was as young as some people, his master should have an active servant of him; and wished he had a thousand lives to lay down for his sake. These hints Mr. Williams was at no loss to guess were given to him; and animated partly by shame, and partly by the desperate circumstances in which he was, he joined in the insurrection, under the earl of Derwentwater, and behaved in the capacity of a volunteer soldier irreproachably. It

It happened that the side he espoused was the unsuccessful one: he was taken prisoner, and carried into one of his majesty's jails. — As soon as the rebellion had received a finishing blow by the conduct of the duke of Argyle, and the government had leisure to consider the danger to which it was exposed, he was brought to his trial with many other prisoners, whom motives of the same nature had influenced to disturb the nation's peace. The consequence was, he was cast for his life, and had little hopes of obtaining the king's mercy. His father-in-law was not much concerned at this event; he even envied him the honour of suffering in so good a cause, and was not in the least solicitous whether he died a violent death or no. Mrs. Williams, it may be reasonably supposed, was not so easy in her mind; she loved her husband; and however zealous she might be in the cause, yet she did not care to make so dear a sacrifice to it. Her distress was heightened by her being with child; and however inconvenient, yet she made the prison her habitation, and could not be prevailed upon to quit that gloomy residence.

While Mr. Williams was in jail, every



FANNY SEYMOUR.

day expecting his majesty's warrant, wrote several letters to his father, and other persons of distinction. His letters to his father were extremely moving, and would have melted any heart but his, who valued himself in his obstinacy; and, like another Brutus, would rather sacrifice his son to the justice of his country, than by interposing for him make him a monument of the clemency of his sovereign.

In the letters which young Willia wrote to other persons, he valued hi self on the known loyalty of his fath and represented his desperate circu stances, as an alleviation of his crim They who received these letters wond ed that they had never been addres by his father on that head, and co cluded very naturally, that that son m be a very great reprobate indeed, wh his own father would not interpose save. He was hourly in expectation death, when a lady who wished well the cause, visiting the prison, was char ed with his person; she enquired name and family, and lost no time solliciting and obtaining a pardon; l found afterwards, to her unspeakable

## 6 THE HISTORY OF

ortification, that the handsome prisoner as a married man.

After Williams had received his pardon, he met with contempt from his father-in-law, who despised him for his abject submissions, and petitionary letters; and being worn out with the fatigues he had undergone, and finding himself more and more distressed, he fell into a consumption, in which he languished six months, and died about three months after he had been the father of this Mr. Williams, whose story I am about to relate. Mrs. Williams died soon after, and left her son an orphan, in a very early age.

The old grandfather, who had continued the persecution of his son till his death, was not yet hard-hearted enough to perpetuate his aversion in neglecting the infant: he took the child under his protection; and in order that he might never be tainted with disloyal notions, he commanded him never to have any communication with his grandfather by the mother's side, or any of her relations.

The particulars of Mr. Williams's infancy are too minute to be recorded, and could afford but little entertainment to the reader.

About

About the age of eighteen, when he resided at the house of his grandfather, in the country, a match was proposed by a neighbouring Whig gentleman, between Mr. Williams, jun. and his daughter, a young lady of much the same years. Young Williams had no inclination for matrimony in so early a time of life; and it was the opinion of his grandfather, that it had better be delayed for some years, and that he and the young lady's father should enter into bonds, that the match should be consummated as soon as the young couple were of age; and, upon failure, a thousand pounds should be forfeited. These bonds were entered into, and in order to compleat the education of Williams, he was sent to London, that he might add a knowledge of the world to the advantages of his education.

During the four years Williams resided in London, he was allowed three hundred per annum, to defray expences, and enable him to keep what his grandfather called good company. He made shift to subsist about half a year on his three hundred pounds, and went on credit for the expences of the other.

Young Williams, it must be owned, was not a man of the least oeconomy; he

was generous, but that generosity participated of the nature of profusion. He cared not at what expence he purchased pleasure; and he knew no bounds to the favours he granted to the distressed. His prevailing passions were love and extravagance; he had the sense of pity strongly implanted in him; and with such a composition frugality can never dwell. A great failing of Williams's was his unsteadiness; what he admired to-day, he thought of with coolness to-morrow; and the pleasure for which he would have mortgaged an inheritance this hour, he loathed the next; and was never known to estimate the same objects alike, for a week together; and was constant in nothing but his friendships. With a mind thus addicted to roving, it is not to be supposed that he remained long disengaged from the affairs of gallantry.

Williams was of a communicative open temper; he was presently acquainted with any one he occasionally met with; and he was seldom scrupulous as to the characters of those with whom he associated. Amongst the rest of his coffee-house and tavern-favourites was one Muskerry, who had a wonderful facility in discourse, and a coincidence of thinking with Williams.

liams: the most violent intimacy was contracted between them, they were inseparable, they took delight in the same pursuits: they intrigued, drank, and gamed together. Williams's purse was open to Muskerrey, and there was nothing in his power he would not have done to serve him.

Williams introduced Muskerrey to the acquaintance of a young lady, to whom he made addresses of passion; but, as he himself observed, from no motives either of marrying or seducing her, but to gratify a violent inclination he had of making love to every handsome girl that came in his way. He was, in short, in this particular, a male coquette; for tho' he never courted any young lady seriously in his life; yet fifty ladies have imagined him deeply in love with them; for he had a great fluency at compliments; and was so extremely fond of the company of the ladies, that without much distinction either of beauty or understanding, he threw out his lavish encomiums; and as he had the reputation of a man of parts, he has made more women proud, than ever religion with all its influence could teach to be humble.

Williams was in the twentieth year of

his age when he introduced this Muskerry to the acquaintance of Miss Flippant, whom he continued to visit more frequently than he had ever done a female favourite before.

One day when he called to drink tea he found her greatly indisposed; she seemed to be lost in melancholy, and tears ran down her cheeks. He was surprized to find her in this situation, and very tenderly enquired the cause of it. She told him, weeping, "That she did not expect such treatment from him, to whom she had always behaved with so much delicacy and civility."

Miss Flippant, tho' a gay girl, was perfectly modest; she had a consciousness of her charms, which excited her to set them off to the best advantage, and obtained from her own sex the censure of being a coquette; but notwithstanding this, she was a young lady of very great virtue, and good nature.

Williams protested he never had offered her an incivility in his life, wondered how she could charge him with it, and professed the most tender regard for her.—"I suppose, says Miss Flippant, it was not without your knowledge that your friend Muskerry used me with so much

“much brutality not many nights ago.”  
 —“Brutality! returned Williams; Muskerry use you brutally!” “He did, he did, returned Miss Flippant; he could not have behaved more rudely, had he been in company with the most abandoned creature that ever disgraced her sex.”—Upon her uttering these words, Williams was quite shocked; for he was incapable of any thing that approached to indecency in the company of women; and he had so great a tenderness for them, that he would not, to purchase ever so much advantage to himself, have uttered one expression that might shock the ears of virgin innocence. He protested to Miss Flippant, that he had not seen Muskerry these six days, nor knew where he was; that he never had given consent to any such abominable usage; and that to shew how much he abhorred Muskerry for it, tho’ he had lived with him in great intimacy for some time past, yet he would break with him, call him to account for the rudeness of his behaviour, and abandon him for ever.

He took leave of Miss Flippant, very much affected with what had passed; he began to be of opinion that Muskerry was a villain; for surely he who attempts to

## THE HISTORY OF

n the favourite of his friend, deserves other name.

He hurried to the coffee-house where Muskerry frequented, to enquire for him; it was told, he had not been there for several days; but while the waiter told him this, he put into his hand a letter, which he knew was from Muskerry. Williams opened it with great earnestness, as he imagined by his absence from the coffee-house that some accident had befallen him; he was not a little surprized to find it addressed from Newgate.

The reader perhaps will imagine, that Muskerry's confinement was produced by his creditors; but this was not the case; he was in Newgate as a felon, he had been long accustomed to live by robbery, and was at last taken, and committed by a justice of peace to that jail, upon the positive demand of those he robbed. This circumstance very much affected him, though at the same time it confirmed him of the truth of Miss Flippant's relation; and that the person of whom he had been so long separated, was no other than a highwayman.

The letter contained many expressions of sorrow for his past misconduct, and an earnest desire that Williams would come and see him, and interest himself for him.

Williams



## FANNY SEYMOUR.

Williams was now in a most perplex dilemma ; he could not chuse to abandon him in his distress ; and to seem solicitous for him, he knew would hurt his own reputation.

The affair, by the channel of the public papers, was soon known in the world. Muskerry's name was echoed in every coffee-house ; and he was never mentioned, but at the same time Williams was joined with him. Some shook their heads, and said, " They always suspected him : no body knew upon what foundation he flashed away so much ; " " Williams was so intimate with him, " " cannot help thinking that he knew his measures." These insinuations which many people threw out, very openly, and very bitterly, gained ground to the disadvantage of Mr. Williams ; and as he was in debt, induced all his creditors to fall upon him. This procured his confinement, and he was sent to Newgate as a debtor, while his old friend lay in the same jail as a felon. This most unlucky circumstance operated very much to the prejudice of Williams ; for when people heard that he was in Newgate without giving themselves any trouble to enquire, they imputed it to the conduct

he had with Muskerrey; and he was thus innocently characterized a highwayman. The news soon reached the ears of his grandfather, with many aggravated circumstances, by those whose interest it was that old Williams should disinherit this unfortunate youth. His grandfather was transported with the greatest rage and indignation, and reckoned himself very unhappy in his offspring: his own son had forfeited his life to the government, by his rebellion, and now his grandson was likely to die in a cause still more ignominious. He came immediately to town, to enquire the true circumstances of the story which had been told him; and when he found his grandson only confined for debt, he was so agreeably disappointed, that he readily discharged all his debts, and procured his releasement.

When young Williams recovered his liberty, he found himself much slighted by those with whom he formerly lived in intimacy. The imputation upon his character deterred them from associating with him; and wherever he went, he found himself avoided, which to a nature so ingenuous as his, was a shock as dreadful as that of death. To see those with whom he had but a few weeks ago spent many  
a joyous

a joyous evening, and who courted and were proud of his company, now fly the box where he sat, was an intolerable wound to his soul; but what most affected him was, that he found access to none of those ladies, whose hearts used to leap at his voice, and whose eyes danced with joy at the sprightliness of his conversation. How oft did he curse the inconsiderate rashness of his temper, for valuing a man only for his abilities, without regard to his morals, or making a friend of one, before he knew enough of him to make him a companion! While he was seriously immersed in these reflections, a footman brought him a letter, which as soon as he saw he kissed, as he knew the direction to be by Miss Flippant. He opened it, and found its contents as follow:

“ S I R,

“ I HAVE no doubt, but you reckon  
 “ yourself affronted for being denied ac-  
 “ cess to our house; and as I never meant  
 “ to be guilty of any act of incivility,  
 “ I take this opportunity to tell you  
 “ the reason of my behaviour in this af-  
 “ fair. My mamma says, that there are  
 “ suspicions of your having been con-  
 “ cerned with the ruffian who offered vio-

H 6      lence

## 156 THE HISTORY OF

" lence to me, in making contributions  
 " on the public by unwarrantable means;  
 " and till your character is cleared, she  
 " has forbid me to see you ; and I can-  
 " not be blamed for avoiding the com-  
 " pany of one, who is charged with such  
 " misbehaviour. By this I hope I have  
 " removed the imputation of cruelty;  
 " and when your affairs are so cleared up,  
 " as to entitle you to visit a lady, you  
 " shall be received in the usual manner  
 " by,

" Yours, &c.

" MARIA FLIPPANT."

This letter from the lady, he of all  
 others valued most, pierced his soul; he  
 was thrown into the most acute agonies:  
 for, oh! it is hard for one who is con-  
 scious of no dishonour; who, on the other  
 hand, has an open, generous heart, a for-  
 giving temper, and a disinterested dis-  
 position, to be treated as if he was a  
 scoundrel, the most despicable of mankind,  
 it can scarcely be born. He answered  
 Miss Flippant's letter with the most so-  
 lemn protestations of his innocence, and  
 begged her to think him so, till he  
 should have an opportunity of clearing  
 himself.

Muskerrey

## FANNY SEYMOUR.

Muskerry was tried, convicted, condemned and executed, tho' much interest had been made to save the gentler robber. As he had heard that William's character had very much suffered, means of his intimacy with him, he declared in his last moments, that he never had an accomplice; that Mr. Williams never was privy to his manner of life, nor even so much as suspected. This declaration being properly considered, it served in some measure to move the suspicion from Mr. Williams's character; and he began to find the world to smile upon him again: but what operated most in his favour, was the countenance and friendship shewn by Mr. Edwards, a gentleman who enjoyed the singular felicity, of having people of all parties regard him.

Mr. Edwards had known William a considerable time before this unlucky accident happened; and though he was blind to his failings, his fickleness and libertinism in the affairs of gallantry, he was able to discern in him an open, generous heart, incapable of any base suggestion, and susceptible of the purest and most delicate impressions.

Mr. Edwards, by means of a confidential

able fortune, was respected by his inferiors, which he never improved to the exercise of any wanton superiority over them: he had an affability and condescension in his temper that was very engaging: he was more inclined to be grave than volatile; and as he was a man of good sense, his opinion and conversation were attended to with earnestness, which received great force by the dignity of his manner.

It is certainly true, that gravity, steadiness and application, without very shining powers, will make a much better figure in life, than the most distinguished abilities, unaccompanied with these virtues. This may be illustrated in the case of Mr. Edwards and Mr. Williams: Edwards, though a man of good sense, and had an extensive knowledge of the world, was really no genius: he had from nature but a moderate share of understanding; but this moderate share he improved to the best advantage: he was prudent, and knew where his strength lay, and never flashed out into conversation upon subjects with which he was not acquainted: and as his reserve and silence often obtained him the reputation of wisdom, so when he did speak, it added a kind of artificial authority to what he uttered.

Far

Far otherwise was the case of Mr. Williams; he had from nature almost all that nature can give, which he never carefully cultivated; his appetite was to shine in company; and often by pursuing it with too much solicitude, he defeated his purpose; and by entering upon topics with which he was but superficially acquainted, he drew upon himself the imputation of being superficially acquainted with all. One listened to Williams with pleasure, to Edwards with respect; and every man thought himself safer to retain the sentiments of the latter than the former.

Williams being reinstated in the favour of the town, paid a visit to his grandfather, who resided at his estate; and being of age, the match, which had been before concluded on, was now renewed, and the grandfather proposed a speedy consummation. Williams visited his mistress, and soon insinuated himself into her favour, nor had now any objections to matrimony, as Mr. Edwards had advised him to it, in hopes of rendering him more solid, and checking his roving manner of life. The father of our young lady made many scruples concerning the character of Williams, and expressed great uneasiness at the accident which had so much sullied

it. He would fain have been quit of his engagements; but upon old Williams's threatening to sue him, he consented.

We have already remarked, that Williams soon ingratiated himself into the favour of the country gentleman's daughter; but she had not the power of having the same influence upon him: she was unexperienced in the world, had an artless simplicity, which to a man accustomed to move in the bustle of life, can never please. She was bashful, and, in a word, not quite well-bred. These considerations, however, Williams would have been able to surmount, had not an accident confirmed his aversion to the match.

He went one day, in company with his grandfather, to pay a visit to a gentleman just come from London, who had married a lady there. He had great pleasure in the performance of this visit, not so much arising from the conversation of the gentleman, as the amiable graces of his wife. The gentleman, whose name was Busby, had not seen or had capacity to discern much of the world; his ample fortune recommended him to the favour of the young lady's uncle, under whose care she was, and by whose authority



authority he obtained her. Williams, who, as we have already seen, had a fiery constitution, soon became enamoured with this beautiful lady, whom he saw buried in the arms of a man she could not love. Busby was an ill-natured, passionate man; he was rude in his behaviour, ungenteel in his person; and, in short, a perfect country bear.

I will not take upon me to say, that Williams had no inclination to have filled the arms of this amiable young wife; and whether if she had given him any oblique invitations, he would not have improved them, for chastity was none of his virtues; and yet I have some doubt whether he would not have started at adultery: but be this as it may, the lady gave him no such favourable signs; but every time he conversed with her, she gained more and more upon him, and he became at last perfectly in love with her. He was urged by his grandfather to make frequent visits to his intended wife, which he faithfully promised to do; but every time he said he was going to see her, he rode to Mr. Busby's, and spent his time there.

When affairs were to be concluded between the two contracting parties, the  
young

young lady's father complained that young Williams had come very seldom to see his mistress, which he could not help considering as a slight, and begged the affair might be explained. Old Williams was much surprized at this, and called upon his grandson to give an account of it. Young Williams stood covered with confusion, he could plead no excuse, and bluntly answered, that he had made frequent visits of late to the house of Mr. Busby. — The old man was extremely chagrined to find his heir so refractory; and asked him, whether he intended to wed the young lady? To which he answered in the negative. This answer was not unpleasing to the young lady's father, who threatened to sue old Williams for his bond (in his turn); and as our young spark could neither be menaced nor persuaded into the match, and the young lady's father suing for the bond, old Williams paid the money, and at the same time discharged his grandson from ever forming any expectations upon him, or presuming to come into his presence. This was a mortifying circumstance to Williams, as it at once deprived him of the means of supporting his gaiety, and of seeing the  
amiable

amiable Mrs. Busby, on whom his soul was now entirely fixed. He was sensible how criminal it was, to indulge a passion for a married lady ; a passion which can never be honourably gratified, and exposes at once to danger and shame. But such is the influence of love, that it often spurns the directions of Prudence, and rebels against the dominion of Reason.— Mrs. Busby had indeed every quality of person and mind that can charm a man into love ; and at the same time such an agreeable modesty, as to teach even love itself to forbear its impetuous sallies.

• Williams being discarded by his grandfather, and finding no pretence or encouragement to continue in the country, made his way to the metropolis, and took leave of Mrs. Busby with the greatest tenderness, as during his stay in the country, which was about nine months, his affections were entirely fixed on her.

When Williams came to town, he was received with great eclat by all his tavern friends, in whose absence their nights used to be less gay, as being uninspired by his lively sallies of wit, and the natural pleasantry of his temper. He brought but little money to town with him, and was for some months supported  
by

by the bounty of Mr. Edwards: he wanted to have raised sums upon the prospects of his grandfather's fortune, which the money-brokers were wise enough to refuse; for, upon enquiry, they found that the old gentleman, having amassed his own fortune, had a power of leaving it to whom he pleased. This disappointment reduced our gay spark; and as wit without money never can shine so bright as when it has that additional advantage, a damp was thrown over his mind, and his gaiety considerably abated. But before we take a view of any of the difficulties to which want exposed him, we think proper to observe, that on his coming to town, he called on Miss Flippant, while his appearance was yet elegant, but was told that she had been gone into the country for some time.

One day, while he was sauntering in the Mall, and meditating upon his ruined affairs, he was surprized with the sight of Mrs. Busby, who, before he was aware, accosted him. As his astonishment was great, he could not contain it; but enquired the cause which had brought her so unexpectedly to town: To which she answered, that she  
had

had received a letter from a friend, who press'd her to come; and that by the interposition of her uncle with her tyrant, he was prevailed upon to permit her, as her uncle, by means of having her fortune in his hand, had great power over him; for Mr. Busby was as sordidly covetous, as shockingly ignorant.—Mutual protestations of gladness having pass'd, and an invitation given by Mrs. Busby to Mr. Williams, to visit her at her mother's, who lived in town, tho' her uncle was her director, they parted.—Mr. Williams that evening falling into company with an old companion, one Nabbes, related with great satisfaction the incident of his meeting Mrs. Busby, and toasted her health in a bumper.—Mrs. Busby! “says Nabbes: What the wife of squire Busby, in the county of ——! Is it she?” “Yes, returned Williams, it is she; “she is the most sensible, most virtuous “and beautiful of her sex!” “As to her “sense and beauty, returns Nabbes, “I have nothing to say; I thought she “had both; for I once courted her: “but as to her virtue---hem! for that”-- he then gave a significant shrug: “What, “says he, Williams, is this the way that “you

"you read Woman-kind—as to virtue!--" Williams was amazed at this impudent and licentious manner of talking: he never accustomed himself to entertain any suspicion of a woman's honour, and was really astonished when he heard any lady's virtue arraigned. "How dare you," says he, "speak so impertinently of Mrs. Busby! I have known her as well as you; she is as innocent as any of her sex; she's perfectly modest, I am sure: ---how cruel is it to blacken any character wantonly." "Hold," returns Nabbes, "you do not know her enough; dear Charles, had you seen what I have seen, you would not say so; yourself shall be witness"—"Witness of what!" cries Williams hastily—"That she is a wanton prostitute!" returned the other, "you shall see it." Williams quite amazed, begged him to be explicit; for tho' he had not so immediate an interest in Mrs. Busby as to be fired with jealousy, yet his curiosity was raised; and as no man can bear to be deceived in those of whom he entertains a very high opinion, he was shocked to think, that the woman he used to adore as an angel, should prove to be the reverse of what he thought her, in the grand point of inno-

innocence. — “I’ll tell you, says Nabbes,  
 “the windows of my lodging look into  
 “a court in Covent-garden, where there  
 “is a private house of intrigue; here  
 “she often comes in a chair; and as I  
 “suppose has a meeting with some fa-  
 “voured gallant; and to tell you the  
 “truth, I’ve often found her walking  
 “the Park, and once or twice at  
 “public places, with some of those gay  
 “sparks who were my rivals, before her  
 “uncle determined all our hopes, by  
 “giving her to a country squire.”---  
 Williams was amazed at this relation, and  
 asked him, how he knew it was a private  
 house of intrigue? “Because, says he,  
 “I have made the experiment; and do  
 “you make the same, and be satisfied.”  
 Williams endeavoured to compose his  
 spirits, and went away fully resolved to  
 do as Nabbes had desired. Williams,  
 next night, went to the place; enquired  
 of the woman of the house, if she knew  
 one Mrs. Busby, a young lady, not long  
 ago married? He was quite afraid to ask  
 this question, as he dreaded the answer:  
 but what was his agitation when the wo-  
 man answered, “Yes; I know her  
 “well; and I expect her here this  
 “evening!” — “Then, says he, I will  
 “wait

“wait for her, for I want much to speak  
 “with her.” Still Williams hoped to  
 be deceived; and that the Mrs. Busby  
 known to the woman, was wife of another  
 person. In less than an hour his doubts  
 were dissipated, and Mrs. Busby herself  
 appeared. The confusion which Wil-  
 liams discovered was inexpressible; but  
 the agitation which Mrs. Busby shewed,  
 was only that of surprize. Williams re-  
 collecting himself, desired an immediate  
 and private conference with her. He be-  
 gan, “Madam, it grieves me to the  
 “soul, to find the suspicions of the med-  
 “dling world too well founded; would  
 “I had never been thus satisfied! You  
 “know I love you, and I will conceal  
 “it; but, gracious heaven! should  
 “this be reported to your husband!”—  
 Mrs. Busby quite astonished, cried out,  
 “—What reported!—what suspicions!  
 “what have I done! where is my fault!  
 “what can the world say!” “O, madam,  
 “returned Mr. Williams, gently pressing  
 “her hand, you cannot be ignorant that  
 “the house you are now in, is a private  
 “house of infamy.” Upon mentioning  
 the word Infamy, Mrs. Busby fainted,  
 and was unable to undergo the shock:  
 when she had recovered her spirits, Wil-  
 liams



liams with all the delicacy of which he was master, told her what pass'd between Nabbes and him; and that as he did not believe him, he took that method to be satisfied. Mrs. Busby protested her ignorance, as to the quality of the house where she was; and then told Mr. Williams, that as she owed to herself an obligation of the greatest importance, namely, that of clearing her innocence, she would entrust him with a secret, which he should never reveal, while it was capable of having any bad consequences. Williams promised, and the lady proceeded. — “One of the  
 “dearest friends I have on earth has  
 “been ruined, violated by a villain: she  
 “has lately brought to the world a  
 “witness of her violation: she concealed  
 “her condition as long as she could; and  
 “then pretending to be press'd by a  
 “female cousin, to pay a visit in the  
 “country, she took leave of her rela-  
 “tions, and engaged a person to take  
 “lodgings for her. Here she was carried,  
 “and here she now is, and, as I believe,  
 “perfectly innocent of any crime, sin-  
 “cerely bemoaning her misfortunes.”  
 Williams insisted on seeing her; the lady at first was reluctant; but con-  
 sidering

dering that the clearing of her own innocence was at stake, she complied. Williams was introduced; but what was their mutual amazement, the reader may conceive when he is told, that the young lady who had been thus violated and abused, was no other than Miss Flippant. Mr. Williams immediately knew all Mrs. Busby's relation to be true, and guess'd that this ravisher was his traitorous friend Muskerry. Surprise having subsided, the conversation became more particular; and the young lady, who before had been restrained by delicacy, from revealing all that had happened between Muskerry and her, found it was now necessary, in order to clear herself from the suspicion of yielding voluntarily to the embraces of a villain. She was in hopes that the consequence would not be so terrible, and was therefore less explicit in her account of Muskerry's behaviour. She then told him, that under the pretence of carrying her to a concert, where he said some ladies of her acquaintance would be present, he basely decoyed her into a tavern of infamy, and there by violence effected his purpose, which he could not have done at her mother's house, nor by any gentle means  
of

of seduction. This account delivered the lady, who appeared covered with confusion and blushes, in the most delicate terms, quite shocked Williams, who abhorred the memory of such a smiling traitor. The young lady being now under a condition to appear abroad, Mrs. Butler soon had her removed to a new lodging against which slander itself could find objection.

This incident is too material to pass without animadversion.—Gentle readers from this transaction, learn not too hastily to credit appearances. If thou art disposed to be jealous, “O consider, that though trifles light as air, are to jealous confirmations strong as proof of Holy Writ,” yet that the revelation ought only to weigh with a good man and before thou admittest that Fury is in thy bosom, thou shouldst be certain that thy proofs are as strong as those of Holy Writ, which, in my opinion, are invariably infallible, and not light as air. What strong appearances were against Mrs. Busby, and yet she was perfectly innocent. In visiting Miss Flippant she acted the part of a benevolent friend; but so unfortunate was she, that in this very act of goodness, there was room for fixing upon her the stain of an adulteress; and

Nabbes was a despicable fellow for inhumanly propagating his suspicions, yet it must be owned, they were too well grounded, and Providence was very kind in directing a discovery so much to Mrs. Busby's advantage.

Again, gentle reader, beware how thou credittest appearances; and learn to know, "that a man may smile, and smile, and be a villain." Muskerrey, the base ravisher of Miss Flippant, could dress his face in smiles, speak the language of sincerity, protest and sigh, and flatter and violate. But the conduct of Mr. Williams in this affair, deserves a panegyrick. How many libertines would have rejoiced to hear, that a married lady he loved, was already seduced, as it would make his progress more easy; but Williams had too much honour to be pleased with ruin; and when the character and person of the amiable Mrs. Busby was in his power, he did not meanly take the advantage, but his behaviour was delicate and honourable. — As to Miss Flippant, how true is it, and yet what pity is it, "that one false or unfortunate step damns a woman's fame." Miss Flippant may be ranked with the unhappy, but not with the guilty; and yet such is the malevolence  
of

## FANNY SEYMOUR.

of the world, that they will be mis-  
disposed to rank her with the latter.-  
Heavens forbid I should ever plead  
cause of prostitution! No: When  
a lady once suffers her imagination to  
be vitiated, and her heart to yield to e-  
very wanton impulse of desire, she re-  
sembles a flower, which displays at once  
its variegated hues, and blushes up  
the sight unnumbered beauties;  
when more nearly inspected, its colors  
fade; when press'd to the bosom, it  
is full of prickles, and has no vel-  
vet softness.

Williams, upon making this discovery  
went immediately to Nabbes, and ex-  
plain'd the cause of Mrs. Busby's visit  
to that house, which he did consistent to his  
honour; for he concealed the young  
lady's name who occasioned it;  
entreated Nabbes never for the future  
to mention this circumstance, as it could  
only wound a worthy woman's reputa-  
tion, without increasing his own; for  
all creatures he is the most despicable  
who industriously propagates scandal  
which he knows to be false.

This honest conduct in Williams can-  
not but recommend him to the reader's  
esteem; and has now confirmed me

a thing of which I had at first some doubt ; that upon the supposition Mrs. Busby had given him encouragement, he would have started at adultery.

The unhappy circumstances of Mr. Williams, with respect to the state of his finances, reduced him to many a troublesome dilemma : he could not bear the thoughts of being for ever obliged to live upon the bounty of Mr. Edwards ; he knew that friendship cannot long subsist between two persons, unless their circumstances are equal ; for wherever dependence comes, friendship falls. He often regretted that he had not been educated to some employment, which could always have supplied his necessities, and preserved him from the miseries of absolute want. It is certainly true, that the calamities of habit are as strong as those of nature ; and that a man who has been accustomed to dress genteel, feels as acute pain in being obliged to drop the appendages of gaiety, as he who is pinched with hunger, or shivers with cold. Many a pang did it cost poor Williams to appear in a shabby negligence ; to go abroad without a sword, and have all the appearance of a Wit in distress.

One day, when Williams was sitting  
foli-

solitary on a bench in the Park, and musing upon his wants, a benevolent nobleman, who was as remarkable for the goodness of his heart, as for the titles and honours with which he was vested, took notice of him, and asked him, Whether he was not in distress? Williams being importuned, confessed he was, and that he knew not how to extricate himself. The nobleman invited him to his house, and appointed a particular day in which he should dine with him; for they held conversation a considerable time together; and Williams made no scruple to let the nobleman into the whole of his story.

When the day came that Williams was to dine with the nobleman, he felt the acutest pain and the acutest pleasure alternately: he was shocked with the thought of appearing at a nobleman's table in so dismal a plight; for though he could dress neat, yet not elegantly; nor had money enough to hire a necessary apparatus; he was transported with joy at the thoughts of meeting so unexpectedly a patron, who, in all probability, would do something for him, and remove him above dependence. When he waited on his lordship, he was received with as much civility as if he had been a minister of

state; and had not been long in the nobleman's company, till a gentleman, whose appearance bespoke him an officer in the army, with a lady and six children, entered the room. He was prejudiced in favour of this family at first sight; the lady had the most engaging and winning behaviour; the children inherited their mother's beauty, and were instructed by her in as many elegances, as if their station had been the highest in the kingdom. Williams was not a little surprized at this. Dinner was put upon the table, when his lordship, the officer and his family, and Williams, sat down, and there were no more company. In the time of dinner, the conversation was general, and Williams displayed all his powers, to attract the favour of his patron, which he did with success. When dinner was over, the conversation became a little more particular; and Williams learned, that the officer was on half-pay; and having so large a family, was no doubt reduced to great difficulties to support them genteelly. "What pity is it, says his lordship, addressing himself to Williams, that they who fight the nation's battles, who expose their lives for the liberty of their country, should be  
 " worse



" worse provided for than people of infe-  
 " rior stations of not half the importance.  
 " How many supernumerary places in  
 " the nation, to which great salaries are  
 " annexed, are filled by persons low by  
 " birth and education, while the sons of  
 " Valour, after reducing the enemies of  
 " our constitution, are suffered to lan-  
 " guish neglected. We can scarce help  
 " regretting, when we take notice, that  
 " an ordinary tradesman, and people in  
 " commercial life, amass often more  
 " riches than fall to the share of a field-  
 " marshal, though great is the dispropor-  
 " tion between the dignity of their sta-  
 " tions." Upon this, Williams observed,  
 " That though one could not help being  
 " a little uneasy, yet one ought not to re-  
 " pine; for that it arose from the very  
 " nature of things: an officer has only  
 " his place to depend upon, while the  
 " genteelness of his station prevents any  
 " other effort; but the tradesman, whose  
 " business is meaner, and education  
 " lower, can shift into a thousand shapes,  
 " and grow rich by unnumbered means,  
 " of which the other, by the dignity and  
 " elegance of his profession, is rendered  
 " incapable. The merchant may send  
 " ships to different parts, which may re-

“ turn home loaded with treasure, while  
 “ the general can command but one ar-  
 “ my, and enjoy the profits annexed to  
 “ it, which it seems is not always great.”

When this conversation was ended, the officer and his family politely took their leave; and his lordship obligingly told him, that he had now fulfilled his promise; and that if he would wait on him to-morrow, he should enter into the possession of what he expected. On his uttering these words, the officer and his lady were covered with confusion, a confusion which ever flows from an ingenuous nature, when laid under obligations. His lordship observing the gentleman looking the language of gratitude, which it was not in his power to express, turned to Williams, and in a suppressed tone, told him, “ That if that gentleman thought  
 “ himself much obliged for the place he  
 “ had procured him, he was mistaken;  
 “ for had I known a more deserving man,  
 “ says he, he should not have had it.” This was uttered, though in a suppressed voice, yet loud enough for the officer to hear; and a compliment so finely turned must certainly have much affected him.— After he retired, his lordship told Williams, that he had met with this gentleman.

man by accident; and upon enquiring into the state of his affairs, found them in a very low situation, being obliged upon half-pay to support so large a family.

"I likewise enquired, continued his lordship, into the behaviour of the gentleman in a military station, and found that he had acquitted himself with the utmost gallantry, upon very dangerous and critical occasions; that he was descended from an ancient family, and joined with the martial all the private virtues. These were recommendations sufficient to me; and I have now provided for him, and will for you, Mr. Williams, as soon as it is in my power."

Williams politely thanked him, and received an invitation from his lordship to repeat the visit, and put him in mind of his promise; "Though, says he, I am not apt to forget my promises." But this was not enough for this benevolent nobleman; he put into his hand a Bank note, and desired him to be chearful. Williams took his leave, equally overcome with gratitude, as the gentleman who had gone before him. Let not the ill-natured and avaricious censure this instantaneous bounty of his lordship, as proceeding from weakness, and indiscre-

tion: let it be considered that Williams told his story, which his lordship could not but have heard before; and there was no reason to suspect him to be an impostor. This observation is made to obviate the sneers of the worldly-minded; for they who are not good themselves, are always ready to find out flaws in a good man's conduct; they construe humanity into weakness; and would explain apparent worthiness upon some other principle than the native candour of the heart; and to be at variance with such people is certainly a happiness.

Williams being thus recruited, consulted with his friend Mr. Edwards, what he should do, who advised him not entirely to depend on his lordship's promises, but to go into the country, and endeavour to conciliate his grandfather, while now the means of doing so were in his power. This advice he pursued; and upon his arrival at his grandfather's house, he found him not at home, having gone on a long journey for his health, and was not expected for a week: this week young Williams continued at his grandfather's house, and paid several visits to Mrs. Busby, who had now returned to the country; and was not a little mortified to  
find

## FANNY SEYMOUR. 181

find the cruel usage that amiable lady received from her husband. When they were happy enough to enjoy an hour together, it was spent in the recollection of things past, agreeable conversation, and such innocent endearments as two young people of good understanding have a right to indulge themselves in. Mrs Busby told him, that Miss Flippant's story was known in the world; and that the poor young lady suffered greatly by it.

As soon as old Williams returned, his grandson, in the most submissive manner, presumed to come into his presence, and expressed the most sensible concern, for being obliged to resist the authority of a parent, by the higher force of inclination: he endeavoured to expostulate with him upon the "cruel circumstance of marrying a woman for whom a man has no affection; observed, that it was no more than a kind of licensed prostitution." This presumption of reasoning the old man considered as the highest affront could be offered to him: he broke out into the most cholerick rage; and without further ceremony, commanded his grandson to depart his house, and never again to presume to come into his presence. Young Williams could not bear

bear these insults, and parted from the old man in the utmost agitation of heart. He resolved, however, never to provoke him again by the same means, and immediately mounted his horse and rode on, in his way to town, not without first calling at Mrs. Busby's, and taking as tender a leave of that lady, as the presence of her husband would permit.

The first inn he alighted at, he called for a news-paper, in order to divert the minutes till dinner should be ready. He cast his eye slightly over it, till he came to a paragraph, in which he was much interested :

“ Yesterday died of the gout in his stomach, in the sixty-third year of his age, his grace the duke of —, who has not left one enemy behind him. The titles and honours which he possessed were only made subservient to the excellent purpose of doing good. By his grace's death, his country has lost a friend ; the great a lively example of what became an exalted station ; the poor an extensive benefactor ; the sciences a liberal patron, and religion its brightest ornament.”

This paragraph struck Williams to the heart ; the deceased peer was no other than

than the renowned person on whom he depended, and with him was terminated all his hope of support. Williams was too great-hearted to subject himself again to the insults of his peevish grandfather; and after easing his breast, by giving way to a burst of grief, he continued his journey to town. Upon his arrival he waited on Mr. Edwards, and communicated to him his bad success in the country, which he heard with the utmost concern. Mr. Edwards was not one of those people falsely called good, who are extremely ready with their purse in assisting such in necessity, whose prospects give hopes of re-payment, but who immediately, as soon as that prospect is vanished, withdraw their liberality, withhold even their patronage, and resign a man to the caprice of fortune. This behaviour, though it has procured many the name of generous, is no more than an act of commerce, whose leading principle is selfishness. Mr. Edwards offered to supply his necessities, whenever they called, and behaved in the same obliging manner, as if Williams's fortune had been superior to his. Tho' Mr. Edwards's behaviour was extremely kind, yet bearing obligations is a pain to a great mind; and dependence naturally  
over-

overthrows friendship. He was resolved to make some effort to support himself: but notwithstanding he was endowed with very great abilities, yet he found himself much at a loss how to make them subservient to his interests. He sometimes had thoughts of going on the stage, but that notion was immediately suppressed, by the unpleasing consideration, that this profession exposes a man to the capricious insults of every fool, who thinks proper to pronounce himself a critic; and though it is apparently true, that to be a finished, or indeed a tolerable player, demands high efforts of genius, a general understanding of life, and a capacity of reading the human heart, yet are they considered by the bulk of the world in a light too despicable for a great spirit to bear. The bulk of mankind are ignorant of those requisites which a good player must possess, and therefore they despise him; but if that profession is the most excellent which demands the most extensive abilities, and the greatest stretchings of the soul, the player's cannot be contemptible. Is it nothing, to warm the heart by the melody of nature, to speak the bosom into sadness, to alter the tone, and chill blood with terror; to make even the  
coward



coward brave by the flashes of resolution, the cruel merciful by the sighings of distress, and to teach the soul to confess sensations, which it knew not it possessed?

Though Williams had a high opinion, and really some of the requisites of a player, yet a dread of the indignity to which they were exposed, by the ignorance and capricious, deterred him; besides, he was afraid lest such a step might entirely confirm his grandfather's aversion.

It will not be deemed unnatural, I hope, if upon rejecting this thought he should indulge another so very different from the former. It came into his head, that as being a man of parts, there could be no objections to his going into the church; he was at first transported with this scheme; but upon suffering the fervour of his imagination to subside, his judgment disapproved it. He had lived a life of gaiety; and he was sensible that his turn was too libertine to be confined within the limits of clerical decency; and at the same time was conscious, that he who enters into holy orders, and violates the obligations of his character, by wanton behaviour and fashionable excess, is doubly guilty; first as a man, and then as a traitor to his profession. Besides, he had

had not thoroughly examined the tenets he was to subscribe: and he very justly reflected, that no man has a right to confess a creed which he has not proved, and consequently cannot understand. — This scheme he likewise rejected, and was perplexed with the variety that offered, when his friend Mr. Edwards; who had his interest at heart, told him, that a worthy gentleman of his acquaintance desired an interview with him, and who probably would become his patron. Mr. Edwards introduced him to Sir Charles Mandeville, a gentleman of acknowledged merit, and of reputation for a taste in the literary and belle accomplishments. Sir Charles was an universal patron; no man of genius ever applied to him in vain; he made it his business to find out distressed merit, to draw it from obscurity, and throw a lustre over it, which nothing but advantageous circumstances can give. He was charmed with the conversation of Williams; gave him a general invitation to his table; and promised to provide for him, as soon as his interest at court made it possible.

Sir Charles was in his state principles a Revolution Whig, and was glad that this promising young man, whom he had  
taken

taken into his favour, had been educated in the same opinions, and was so well able to support them.

In consequence of having received a general invitation to his table, partly necessity and partly choice excited him to make frequent visits; for as he always met a hearty welcome, so he was often charmed with the agreeable company who resorted to Sir Charles's house; and he every day gained ground in the affection of his patron. He was one day not a little surprized to meet at Sir Charles's table his old acquaintance Nabbes, who he imagined had gone out of town, as he had not lately seen him. Nabbes had some time known Sir Charles, and had formed some hopes upon him; but the worthy knight having once detected him in a lye, thought proper to dismiss him, by coldness of behaviour; but upon his receiving a supplicating letter from him, he gave orders for his re-admission.—Nabbes was equally surprized to see Williams, but at that time gave no sign of it, only a discovery that they had been formerly acquainted. When Nabbes had taken his leave, Sir Charles enquired his character of Williams; who from a principle

ple of tenderness spoke favourably of him, which convinced the good Gentleman, that Nabbes was a better man than he had lately been disposed to think him, and seemed after that to behave to him with more chearfulness.

Sir Charles was lately married to a young lady of birth and fortune, whose maiden name was Otway. The lady was mistress of a great deal of reading, and was possessed of a very extraordinary understanding: she was in her temper rather sedate than volatile: she took more delight in the conversation of gentlemen of sense, than in the fashionable rounds of gaiety. She married Sir Charles as much from admiration of his understanding, as a passion for his person; she loved and revered him; and he doated on her with a fondness, unknown to those who have no relish for mental intercourse.

Miss Otway, the sister of lady Mandeville, had more sprightliness, and that kind of wit which is known by the name of Flashy: her person was rather superior, and her temper the sweetest in the world. Opulence, peace and love coincided in rendering this family happy; and Sir Charles took more de-  
light

light in his academy at home, than in any pleasures abroad, which the most exquisite art could furnish.—Lady Mandeville and Miss Otway were as fond of Williams as Sir Charles himself was. Miss Otway, who had a violent inclination to be thought witty, and superior to those about her, found her account in conversing with Williams; she drew from him those acute observations on fashionable topics, which a man of his penetration could not help making; and she retailed them again in company with the utmost vivacity; and made herself so much mistress of them, that none could suspect that any part of her wit was borrowed. As she enjoyed these advantages by conversing with Williams, it was no wonder if she entertained a regard for him. Tho' lady Mandeville was fond of Williams, yet her turn being more sedate than her sister's, she was equally fond of Nabbes, who could reason better, tho' not please so much as Williams. Sir Charles, who, tho' a man of sense, was inferior to either of them, used often to declare, that were he a minister of state, he would have Nabbes for a secretary, and Williams for a companion.

Nabbes,

Nabbes, who found his interest growing with his patron, took care to rivet it, by the most servile submissions and obsequious behaviour. Williams conversed with Sir Charles upon easy terms; he used the freedom to dissent from his opinion; and he and Miss Otway often held debates against Lady Mandeville and her husband, and usually with success; but Nabbes always espoused the side on which Sir Charles engaged; and as he was a subtle reasoner, he was too powerful for Williams on any topic that demanded severe attention.

One day, while Sir Charles was at dinner with his lady and sister, he took occasion to observe, that a place of about 200 l. a year in a public office was vacant, and asked their advice whom he should prefer to it, (as he had already received a promise from the person in whose gift it was) Nabbes 'or Williams? To which the lady answered, that it seemed to be more suited to the disposition of Nabbes; and confirmed her husband in his resolution of bestowing it on him. Miss Otway turned pale, on hearing this conversation; and as soon as decorum would permit, she retired to her chamber, and vented herself in tears;  
for

for she durst not contradict her sister, who by the partial fondness of her father, had almost all his fortune given her, while she was left chiefly dependent on a maiden aunt. Miss Otway was extremely mortified at the preference that was given to Nabbes, whom she never could bear, as she thought him artful and cruel. She was a young lady of an unsuspecting temper, and incapable of the least approaches to hypocrisy. Nabbes was put in possession of the place, which gave Mr. Williams no pain; for the vice known by the name of envy, which is immediately derived from hell, had never entered his soul; nor did any mean passion lurk near his heart.—Tho' Mr. Williams supported a genteel appearance, by Mr. Edwards's means, yet he found his creditors began to be clamorous, who thought they had a right to their demands from a man who seemed so far removed from the look of indigence. To rid himself of these troublesome visitors, he had recourse to Nabbes; for he was already ashamed of the trouble he had given Mr. Edwards; and he carefully avoided letting Sir Charles know of his necessities; and Nabbes very coldly told him, he could not afford to support

an

an idle man.—Few minds are proof against the charms of flattery. Nabbes put on the appearance of gratitude; he wrote a book on purpose that he might have an opportunity of dedicating it to his patron, whom he sooth'd in the artful language of mean sycophants, and published to the world the obligations he owed to him.

Many months had not elapsed, till lady Mandeville received a letter from her maiden aunt, upon whom her sister depended, full of reproaches against the young lady's conduct; and amongst other severe things was this;—"And who is this fellow, this beggar, this villain Williams, that Harriot is so fond of!-- Mean wretch! in love with a dependent! a slave!"--- This letter alarmed lady Mandeville; she was fond of her sister, and feared that report had wronged her to this rich superannuated aunt; but she resolved to communicate nothing of it till she had heard again from her. She wrote to her the extreme surprize into which the letter had thrown her, declared her sister's conduct to be irreproachable, and desired she might explain herself farther. The aunt wrote an answer, which contained many reflexions on



on the advantages of birth, the dignity of blood, and the meanness of low associations; and inclosed in her letter an anonymous one, written in a woman's hand, which had given her a full account of Williams's visiting the family, Miss Harriot's fondness for him, and the indecent freedoms she permitted him to take. Lady Mandeville was now convinced that some designing person had injured her sister, and resolved to bring the affair to an eclairsissement. She consulted with Mr. Nabbes, before she would venture to speak of it to Sir Charles, or even to Harriot herself. Nabbes expressed great indignation at the behaviour of any person who should thus endeavour to injure Miss Otway: "but, added he, have you ever had any suspicions of her loving him?" "—None, replied the lady, only for his conversation."—Nabbes then dropped some hints,—and observed, "that reports had generally some foundation; and that he was sorry Mr. Williams should be so imprudent as to indulge any passion for one so much above him, or encourage her to indulge one for him; and that the conduct was ungrateful." When this discourse was ended, Nabbes took his leave, and thanked Lady Mandeville

K

ville

ville for the honour she did him in consulting with him in so delicate a point; and added, “that he would watch the  
 “ motions of Williams, and endeavour to  
 “ learn from him the real state of Miss  
 “ Otway’s affections.”—The truth is, Mr. Williams had so far insinuated himself, without any design, into this young lady’s favour, that he was dear to her eyes; and however dependent his condition, she could not help loving him, and admiring his merit. Lady Mandeville waited the discoveries of Nabbes, before she resolved to put any thing in execution to prevent her sister’s affections from fixing themselves on Williams, in which, however, she acted an impolitick part, for she gave more time for effecting that purpose.

Nabbes, one day, called at Lady Mandeville’s, with a heart seemingly overcharged with grief, and had melancholy painted on his brow. Her ladyship, impatient to know the cause, asked him, “what he had learned concerning her  
 “ sister and Mr. Williams?” He answered,  
 “that it was with the utmost reluctance  
 “ he could now proceed to tell her.—  
 “ Williams, says he, is of an open temper,  
 “ and when in his cups, the secrets of the  
 “ dearest friends he has in the world, are  
 “ then

“ then revealed, as entertainments to his  
 “ company. I found him the other even-  
 “ ing in this situation: I told him that a  
 “ report prevailed of Miss Otway’s being  
 “ soon to be married to Mr. L——, and  
 “ asked him, when he last saw Sir  
 “ Charles? Married to Mr. L——! says  
 “ he, then is there one fool more a dupe  
 “ to the apparent innocence of a girl.-- I  
 “ was quite shocked at this, that there  
 “ could exist so ungrateful a villain, a be-  
 “ trayer, and a publisher of his treachery.”

Lady Mandeville, on hearing these expres-  
 sions drop from Nabbes, was reduced to  
 the most piteous situation; she loved, she  
 doated on her sister, and was now con-  
 firmed of her dishonour. She communi-  
 cated her suspicions, and the hints she had  
 received from Nabbes, to Sir Charles, who  
 was as much alarmed as his lady. Sir  
 Charles was of opinion, that whether the  
 suspicion was well-founded or not, Wil-  
 liams should be dismissed; and desired his  
 lady to let him know it, with as much  
 delicacy as possible; and that she should  
 endeavour to learn the whole truth from  
 her sister.

When Williams next called at Sir  
 Charles’s, Lady Mandeville took occasion  
 to tell him, that Sir Charles could not at pre-

sent provide for him ; and for certain reasons, did not chuse that he should continue his visits. Poor Williams, on this occasion, looked confounded ; he was conscious of no error he had committed, in point of Behaviour, while he visited there ; and as he had a heart above the meanness of jealousy, he could not even conjecture from what cause this dismissal proceeded : he asked her ladyship's permission to thank her and Sir Charles for the kindness they had shewn ; and the privilege of taking leave of Miss Otway, in which last request he was denied, and informed that she was a little indisposed.

Lady Mandeville, next morning, went into her sister's bedchamber, and no sooner cast her eyes on her than she burst into tears : Miss Otway was astonished at this behaviour ; she loved her sister with an equal tenderness, and was anxious to know the cause of her disorder. Lady Mandeville, after many struggles with her heart, (for whenever she attempted to speak of dishonour, so many tender ideas rose in her mind, and she so fondly loved her sister, that she lost the power of utterance) at last, in these words, addressed her. " My dear sister, I know you love  
 " me ; as a sister and a friend, I have a  
 " question

“ question to ask, in which your honour  
 “ is engaged: Will you pardon me for  
 “ the shock I am about to give you?”—  
 “ Honour engaged! replied the innocent  
 “ Harriot, honour engaged! My dear  
 “ sister, any question of yours shall be  
 “ answered by me with undissimulated  
 “ truth. Ask it.”——“ Well then,  
 “ Harriot, I hope you will not think me  
 “ cruel;” and then she clasped her in  
 her arms, and kissed her. “ No cruelty,  
 “ my dear Lady Mandeville, can ever  
 “ come from you: what is this question?”  
 Lady Mandeville then, with eyes  
 swimming with tears, and looking the  
 most tender affection, thus spake to  
 her: “ Have you, my dear sister, have  
 “ you yielded your honour to Wil-  
 “ liams?”—These words, “ honour to  
 “ Williams!” were indeed an alarm to  
 Harriot, but she had a great deal of natu-  
 ral fortitude; and she thus replied: “ No,  
 “ Lady Mandeville, my honour is my  
 “ own: that I conversed with and  
 “ esteemed Williams, I am above de-  
 “ nying, and you know it to be true;  
 “ but spare your tenderness on that  
 “ point; be assured, my dear sister,  
 “ that your family shall never be dis-  
 “ graced by me. I am left a dependent

“ on an aunt ; and I live by your’s and  
 “ my brother’s kindness ; but I am your  
 “ sister ; and though I shared not the  
 “ fondness of my father, yet I think I  
 “ inherit his honour : and by the dear  
 “ name of my much-loved Brother, now  
 “ abroad in the service of his country,  
 “ I am as much above being tainted  
 “ with that guilt, as he is above the  
 “ meanness of cowardice.” Lady Man-  
 deville then made an apology for her sus-  
 picions, and desired her sister to think  
 no more of it, nor ever to be uneasy at  
 the situation in which she was left ; “ for,  
 “ continued she, it is the greatest part of  
 “ my happiness to be able to promote  
 “ yours.” The two sisters parted at this  
 time without any farther explanation ;  
 and Lady Mandeville communicated to  
 her husband what had passed between  
 them.

Nabbes had been able to taint Sir  
 Charles’s mind with infidelity ; the book  
 he had written was intitled, “ Reason the  
 only Directress,” in which some scruples  
 are proposed concerning the truths of our  
 holy religion, and the sacred oracles of  
 God are treated with indignity. The  
 book is full of sophistry, false conclu-  
 sions, and wanton scepticism. Sir Charles  
 and

and he held many conversations concerning these things, sometimes in the presence of his lady, to whom it was unpleasant to hear matters sacred called in question; and when her opinion was asked, she often answered, "that she would not renounce her religion, because it taught her humility of heart, patience, meekness, fidelity, and honour; because it instructed her how to behave here, so as to be happy hereafter; because it inspired her with devotion, taught her a confidence in Providence, to check the first rises of irregular passions; filled her mind with an awe of that Being by whom the utmost boundaries of the heart are searched, and raised her love to him, in the grateful commemoration of unnumbered blessings; because it opened to her the prospects of hereafter, and set before her eyes the glories of immortality; because it taught her to forgive her most inveterate enemies, to love her friends, her husband, her brother and sister; to do many acts of charity; her breast to bleed for the unfortunate, and her prayers to be poured out for all mankind." These were the reasons Lady Mandeville gave

why she would never renounce her faith; and her reasons are certainly unanswerable by the most subtle sophists in the cause of infidelity.

Williams was now discarded, and Nabbes dreaded his being again taken into favour, and was resolved by all means to prevent it. He told wherever he went, that Williams was dismissed by Sir Charles Mandeville for debauching Miss Otway; and told it with the most aggravating circumstances against him. He repeated the story so often, that poor Williams was attacked with it wherever he went, which though he most solemnly denied, yet people, who are generally more disposed to believe a bad than a good report, gave credit to it; and what troubled Williams, was, that the lady, spotlessly innocent of the charge, shared equally the scandal; and that the crime of ingratitude was connected with it.

The frequent report of Williams's debauching Miss Otway reached Sir Charles, Lady Mandeville, and the young lady's own ears. The two former believed, and the latter was certain of its being a falsehood; but could not help being grieved to have a fair reputation thus wounded  
by



by the arrows of Slander. Nabbes declared that it must be Williams himself who spread this report, from a ridiculous vanity. Sir Charles and his lady embraced this opinion, but Miss Otway could not persuade herself that Williams, who seemed to be of so open and free a temper, could be capable of so much baseness. Every day increased the rumour; Miss Otway's name was echoed at every drum; she could not appear abroad without being pointed at; and all the ugly let loose their rage, and raised their envenomed tongues against her. Though she had a high spirit, this was grievous to her: the loss of reputation, without guilt, is the most deplorable calamity into which a human creature can fall! That amiable being, whose looks were innocence, whose bosom was perfect softness, and whose heart never conceived a base wish, was traduced as a wanton strumpet, avoided, sneered, and pointed at. This is indeed a trial of patience, which demands supernatural virtue to combat.

One evening she went to see the play of the Fair Penitent. As soon as she entered the side-box, a whisper rose, and the observed eyes directed towards her:

This was no more than the shock she expected; but, unluckily, in the very next box sat Mr. Williams, who innocently came there, without any knowledge of Miss Otway's being present. The lady who accompanied Miss Otway, gave her notice of it, and told her that she thought it would be prudent to retire; which advice Miss Otway rejected, as it would have given her detractors room to triumph.

During the play, which is far from being a moving one, the tears ran down her cheeks in great profusion; not from the tenderness of the scenes, but reflections on her own condition. The last act, however, contributed to encrease the horror of her mind, and she went home overwhelmed with melancholy; and that night she dedicated to solemn thinking. Whether the play had inspired her with impressions, we cannot determine, but she that night meditated on murder. She passed it in sleepless agitations, and ruminated on her wounded fame. While she called religion to her assistance, she started at the thoughts of suicide, of stripping herself of being, and rushing into the presence of enraged Omnipotence; but when shame and re-  
proach

proach rose to her mind, she could not endure the thoughts of living, of living the by-word of the world, and the butt of malevolent ridicule. In the morning, as soon as her waiting-maid left her, being under the influence of these last painful reflections, she stabbed herself in the side: she shuddered while she performed the deed, groaned, and fell upon her bed. The maid, who soon returned, was shocked with this dreadful sight; her poor mistress lay weltering in her blood, her eyes had distraction in them, and she spoke the language of madness. The house was soon alarmed, but by the prudence of Sir Charles, who felt upon this occasion more than can be expressed, the accident was for some hours concealed from her sister. A surgeon examined her wound, and gave hopes that it would not prove mortal. Lady Mandeville was made acquainted with it, and was in a condition to which no pen, but one like Shakespear's, can do justice.

Next morning Harriot seemed much easier, and there were great expectations of her recovery. She blamed herself for the rash attempt upon her life, and expressed sincere penitence; "But as I believe," says she, (addressing her sister)

“ the consequences of this wound of my  
“ body, joined with that given to my  
“ fame, will terminate in my death, I  
“ have one request to make, and that is,  
“ that in your and sir Charles’s presence,  
“ I may have an interview with Mr.  
“ Williams.” This request it was not  
reasonable to deny her; and that after-  
noon Mr. Williams was brought to see  
her, who fainted as soon as he entered  
the room, by the dreadful shock the lady’s  
condition gave him. As soon as he was  
able to attend, Miss Otway gave him her  
hand, which he respectfully kissed. “ I  
“ am dying, says she, Mr. Williams,  
“ and before I quit this world, I have  
“ one thing to ask you, in presence of  
“ my sister and brother.” Upon her  
addressing him thus tenderly, he could  
not help bursting into tears, which de-  
prived him a-while of the power of utter-  
ance. He then begged to know her  
question,—which, in a few words, was  
this:—“ Mr. Williams, are you a vil-  
“ lain?”—This interrogation much ama-  
zed him; he was conscious of no villainy,  
nor could he understand how she could  
suspect him of it. He answered, that  
he was astonished at the question, and  
begged she might further explain her-  
self.—

self.—“Have you traduced my reputation? Have you boasted of ruining me? And have you added a falshood to ingratitude?” Williams then understood her meaning; fell on his knees before her, and called on the Judge of hearts to witness his oath, that he was perfectly innocent of this cruel charge.—

“Did you ever, says she, witness in me any signs of wantonness; or did you ever offer a freedom inconsistent with the distance of your station, and my honour?” “No, by all that’s sacred,” replied he; I could seal it with my parting breath.”—The young lady’s spirits were now so much exhausted, that she could say no more; and Williams, with a heart bursting with sorrow, retired to his lodging, where he vented his grief in strains too loud and affecting to be concealed from the people of the house where he then was; he often uttered the words, “Poor Miss Otway!” and his heart swelled with unutterable grief every time her image rose to his mind.

It may be proper here to remark, that Williams had lately changed his lodging, for reasons which may be easily assigned; and as he had a favourable opinion of the young woman who was his landlady,  
and

and to avoid the inexpressible tumult into which his own reflections, encouraged by solitude, threw him, he invited her to drink tea with him. While they sat at tea, a sigh stole involuntarily from him; and the words, "Poor Miss Otway!" were often uttered, and were always accompanied with a tear.—This young woman was greatly affected at Williams's distress, and soon gave him to understand, that she knew something of Miss Otway.

It is certainly a kind of pleasure, when we are in distress, either for a deceased friend, or for the sufferings of a living one, to meet unexpectedly with a person who has some acquaintance with those for whom we mourn: They share in our sorrows, and mitigate our sufferings by sympathy.

Williams finding this girl a little acquainted with Miss Otway's family, enquired all the particulars she knew concerning her. "Has not she, says the young woman, an aunt, an old maiden lady, who lives at —?" "She has," replied Williams. — "I am afraid then, says she, some malicious person has wronged this young lady: I once transcribed a letter which was given to my husband for that purpose, addressed to — this

" this maiden aunt, in which there were  
 " many insinuations against Miss Otway  
 " with one of your name, perhaps your-  
 " self. And, added she, I know not by  
 " what means, but the original was  
 " never taken from me." This cir-  
 cumstance amazed Williams, and in the  
 impatience of curiosity, he demanded of  
 his landlady a sight of it. — She soon put it  
 in his hand, and upon his casting his eye  
 over it, he discovered all the mystery of  
 iniquity, the laboured scheme of villainy;  
 he discovered the hand-writing to be no  
 other than that of Nabbes. — Astonish-  
 ment succeeded to curiosity, and he longed  
 for the return of the morning, that he  
 might lay open the heart of one of the  
 most artful hypocrites that ever disgraced  
 human nature. — As early as prudence  
 would permit, he called at Sir Charles's,  
 and desired to speak with him immedi-  
 ately: he acquainted that worthy man  
 in private, with the discovery he had  
 made, shewed him the original letter,  
 which confirmed him in the truth of  
 Williams's assertion, as he knew the hand-  
 writing to be Nabbes's, from the same-  
 ness with that supplicating letter once  
 sent to him. He acquainted Lady Man-  
 deville with it, and though Miss Otway  
 was

was then in a very weak state, it was communicated to her. The observation she made on it was, "This is one evidence more in favour of my innocence: if my brother and sister think me so, I can die without a groan." — Mr. Williams was requested to stay to dinner. In the afternoon Miss Otway grew still weaker; she found herself approaching to the end of her sorrows; and desired Sir Charles and Mr. Williams to be admitted, that she might take an everlasting farewell. When they entered the room, the dear young creature looked at them with fixed eyes, which had almost lost their vivacity. Here we may say with the poet,

Lifeless the breast that charm'd the world before,  
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.

She spoke to Mr. Williams, and conjured him to defend her character from malicious imputation, and assert her innocence when she was laid in the dust. She thanked Sir Charles for all his tenderness and affection, recommended her blessing to her brother abroad, and wished him long life and happiness. Sir Charles and Williams were melted with this tender scene; Lady Mandeville was dissolved in



tears. Harriot bid her come near; she then threw her arms about her neck, and kissed her with an eagerness which spoke, that a long separation would soon ensue: "O my sister, said the dying beauty, will you respect my memory when dead, as you loved me living?" Lady Mandeville could not answer; she sat and gazed at her, but could not speak. After bidding Mr. Williams and Sir Charles an eternal Adieu, they quitted the room; but her sister declared she would wait on her in her departing moments, and not leave her in the last throws of nature.

About two hours before she died, she was in the full possession of her understanding; and while she lay in the arms of her sister, she spoke words to this effect. "My dear Lady Mandeville, I have many errors to repent: those levities which I once considered as perfectly innocent, appear now to me chequered with guilt, and my soul is alarmed with apprehensions. The beauty which the world told me I possessed, has betrayed me into many follies; the admiration I courted, was dearly purchased. I thought the hours  
" too

## THE HISTORY OF

short for pleasure: could they be  
 recalled, those squandered moments  
 would upbraid me. I have cheated  
 time; now it has done with me, and  
 O! I fear, will cheat me of my soul.—  
 I have not always been sincere; I have  
 suffered admirers to form expectations  
 which I never intended to gratify; I  
 have wantonly inflicted pain; and I  
 have thought too contemptuously of  
 those enemies, whose slander has now  
 subdued me. And O! my sister, this  
 last act, this violation of my own life,  
 freezes my blood! Is heaven so fraught  
 with mercy, as to forgive one like  
 me! Will it not be presumption to  
 expect it?" Lady Mandeville endea-  
 voured to sooth the inquietudes of her  
 mind, by telling her, that to despair of  
 mercy, was to affront that Being, whose  
 tender mercies are over all his works."  
 Miss Oway could make no reply, but  
 with eyes turned to heaven, offered a  
 prayer, which those benevolent Spirits  
 who watch round the bed of repenting  
 sinners, waft to the throne of Forgive-  
 ness. In about half an hour she expired,  
 and her last words were, "O the young  
 heart! how it will struggle before it  
 is subdued."—Lovely penitent, if thou  
 art

art not admitted into the seats of blessedness, Heaven cannot be merciful.

Sir Charles was not then in a condition to shew any resentment against Nabbes, only commanded that if he should call at his house, that admission should be sternly denied him. It is the perpetual misfortune of those who deal in falsehood, not to be uniform and sufficiently cautious of a discovery. This villain was at last entangled in his own toils; for though he was the cunningest of hypocrites, yet was he defeated by an act of simplicity, in suffering the original of a letter which was dictated by malice, to remain in the hands of the transcriber. He by all means wanted Williams to be discarded by Sir Charles Mandeville, and fell upon this cruel method of performing it. The young woman's husband, with whom he had entrusted the secret, was a clerk under him, but who, it seems, had a better heart than her husband; for though she durst not refuse to transcribe it, yet she took the first opportunity of doing the young lady justice, which Providence ordered should issue in the confusion of Nabbes, whose wicked contrivance proved fatal to Sir Charles's family; for Lady Mandeville never could recover the shock of

of her sister's death : She fell into a galloping consumption, and in two months left Sir Charles in the melancholy state of widowhood, and died, as she lived, his faithful, virtuous wife. These were the consequences which flowed from the machinations of Nabbes : His patron, who raised him from distress, was made a melancholy mourner ; one of the fairest ornaments in the gallery of Beauty perished ; an amiable saint died of grief ; and a poisoned arrow was directed against the breast of his unsuspecting friend. Of Nabbes I shall at present conclude, in the strong expressions of an anonymous novellist upon an occasion similar to this,—  
“ Heaven will punish him ; we expect  
“ it from its justice.”

Though Williams stood ever after this discovery very high in Sir Charles's esteem, yet he was not immediately provided for ; Sir Charles fell into a melancholy, arising from this accident, seldom visited the court, or appeared abroad ; and as Mr. Williams knew that performing visits to him only renewed his griefs, he made them the less frequent : he was afterwards exposed to various necessities, and was subject to the power of his creditors, at the time  
he

he met with our heroine, to whom we shall now return.

His grandfather had now made a will in favour of another person, who was a distant relation; but that person falling under his displeasure, in a peevish fit he burnt it, and before he had time to make another died, in the ninety-fourth year of his age, regretted by none; and as no will was found, his grandson was heir at law.

\*\*\*\*\*

## C H A P. XXVII.

**D**URING the time that Charlotte was confined, Mrs. Banks lay with her, and, except about necessary business, was seldom many hours absent. The next morning Mrs. Banks went early out, and left Charlotte to entertain the two expected visitors alone. About ten o'clock Mr. Williams came. It is natural to suppose that he had communicated to his friend the whole circumstance of the fifty pounds, and satisfied him concerning his

his honour in that affair. He entered the room with unusual chearfulness, and after the morning salutations were over, he took out a pocket-book, and opening it, presented the lady with a note of fifty pounds: "This, says he, is payment of the money which a fatal necessity obliged me to use, contrary to my inclination; and here, dear lady, is the interest for it;" and then put in her hand five notes for the same sum, which he entreated her to accept, as an acknowledgment of his gratitude, an acquittal of the obligation, and an evidence of his honour. Charlotte refused accepting this extraordinary present, for she began now to be extremely timorous, and to place but little confidence in the professions of men, till she should consult with Mrs. Banks; but Mr. Williams still pressing her, she was prevailed upon at last to accept them.

As soon as Mrs. Banks returned, Charlotte found herself under a necessity of divulging to her the present she had received; and in order to clear up the matter fully, she likewise let her into the affair of the fifty pounds Beau Hewit gave her, the circumstance which happened to her when she went to change it,

it, and the gratitude of Mr. Williams, which discovered itself in making so great a present. Mrs. Banks seemed pleased with what happened, and entertained some hope, that the storm would now begin to subside, and that happiness was yet in reserve for Charlotte, though she was conscious of one circumstance to cloud it, of which as yet this young lady was ignorant. Mr. Edwards, who was expected to breakfast, did not come; but when they were sat down to tea in the afternoon, he made his appearance. "I ask pardon, says he, for disappointing you in the morning, but curiosity led me to hear the trial of the gallant Captain Seymour, who was this day cast for his life." Upon his uttering these words, Charlotte dropped from her seat; she was supported by Mrs. Banks, and fainted away in her arms. This circumstance alarmed Mr. Edwards, who was quite a stranger to any connection between them. Charlotte being recovered, he expressed his concern for being innocently the cause of her distress: "But, added he, if that young gentleman is dear to you, I can give you some comfort: a hair of his head will not be touched; he is as sure of the  
 "king's

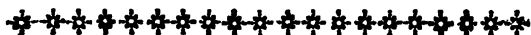
“ king’s pardon as I am that now talk  
 “ to you. There were so many circum-  
 “ stances in his favour, and his character  
 “ appeared so unblemishedly excellent,  
 “ that his majesty will no more suffer so  
 “ worthy a man to die, for an act which  
 “ was rather rash than dishonourable,  
 “ than he will pardon a secret murderer,  
 “ or a midnight assassin.”

Charlotte, whose mind had been strongly agitated by the unexpected knell which Mr. Edwards had given to her heart, began now to be a little more composed ; and as her curiosity excited her to know the particulars of so strange an event, she solicited Mr. Edwards to give as minute a detail as possible of all the circumstances relating to the cause which brought Capt. Seymour to a trial, as well as his behaviour during his trial. But, before we attend to Mr. Edwards, it will be proper to account for Charlotte’s being entirely ignorant, till that time, of the transaction between Beau Hewit and Seymour.

After the Captain had parted with Charlotte, he was industrious to find Beau Hewit, in order to chastise him for the baseness of betraying her into the hands of a villain. He next day dined at a  
 tavern



tavern in P——, where he met with Lord Flutter, and killed him who was his Pander : he surrendered himself immediately to a magistrate ; and a court of justice sitting soon after his surrender, he was brought to his trial. The next day after Charlotte's return from the tavern, under the protection of Captain Seymour, she was insulted by Mrs. Mills, who insolently demanded the money due to her ; and the very morning after that she set out for the Bank, and met with the disaster which Mr. Williams occasioned. In a few days she was thrown into a gaol, before the affair between Hewit and the Captain had made any noise : Mrs. Banks indeed heard of it, but then she industriously concealed it from Charlotte, because it would be adding an additional affliction to one already too much oppressed with misery.



## C H A P. XXVIII.

**T**HE crime for which Capt. Seymour was tried, was the killing one Hewit, a perfidious villain, who wanted  
L to

to betray to the dishonourable embraces of a peer, a young lady whom he addressed, called Charlotte Granville. The Captain, upon killing him, immediately surrendered himself to a magistrate; and though he might have made his escape, he scorned it.—There were present at his trial a circle of the finest company I have ever seen, which made the place have more the appearance of a drawing-room than a sessions-house. The Captain's behaviour was uniform and manly; he did not seem to brave justice; but rather submit to its decision with a resignation, which was a proper medium between boldness and dejection. While he seemed concerned for what had happened, his concern was that of a soldier; his spirit was above abjectness, and his mind superior to fear.—One Bluster, the council against him, opened the cause with unparalleled virulence and malice; and while he shewed his zeal in influencing the jury, he demonstrated at the same time his want of eloquence and power of persuasion. This egregious coxcomb run on for an hour and a half with ridiculous fustian; (and yet he has the character of a fine lawyer; which has often tempted me to think, that a great lawyer is another

ther word for a dunce) but the coxcon never considered, that he had no business to declaim upon the nature of the offence; for where the law has established particular punishments for particular crimes; all that's necessary to be done is to prove the fact, in order to convict the criminal; and the law has provided the rest. Were a man to be tried for a crime, for which no punishment is fixed, but is to be discretionary, then becomes necessary to open the nature of the crime and display its heinousness; but when that is not the case, all declamations upon the crime, all addresses to the passions, are unwarrantable experiments to influence a jury, and ought never to be practised in an English court of justice.

After Counsellor Bluster had ended his unintelligible jargon, the court were going to proceed to the examination of witnesses, when Captain Seymour told the court, that he would save them trouble by openly declaring, that he was unhappy enough to kill Hewit, while he was under the influence of his passion, enflamed by the greatest provocation which it could have.

" I deny not, my lords, that I killed  
 " him ; I have too much honour to dis-  
 " guise the truth ; my heart bleeds for  
 " the offence which I have committed  
 " against society, though I cannot drop a  
 " tear of pity for the base villain my  
 " hand has slain ; but since his blood  
 " has now atoned to me for his guilt,  
 " justice, the laws of society, the laws of  
 " my country, the rights of humanity,  
 " demand my blood for that which I  
 " have shed."

This short speech, uttered in a tone  
 of voice not broken by agitation, but  
 rather expressive of serene firmness, af-  
 fected all who were present ; many a ra-  
 dian eye dropped a tear, and not a heart  
 was unmoved but the base inhuman  
 heart of Counsellor Bluster. The coun-  
 cil for the prisoner begged leave to call  
 some witnesses to the character of their  
 client, which were all gentlemen of the  
 first figure in life, and of reputation for  
 probity. It would be too tedious to enu-  
 merate what was said by each ; I shall  
 only observe, that one Major Meredith  
 was called, who, out of zeal for the Cap-  
 tain, made an unnecessary confession of a  
 weakness of his own, which served, how-  
 ever, greatly to illustrate the honour of  
 his

his friend. "To shew, says he, that  
 "Captain Seymour is not a man of blood,  
 "I had the misfortune once, while I  
 "was governed by an unruly appetite,  
 "to quarrel with him. I next morning  
 "sent him a challenge, which, in compas-  
 "sion to me, he would not accept; and in  
 "place of meeting me to decide a trivial  
 "difference, about a love affair, by the  
 "sword, when in all probability I should  
 "have fallen, he sent me this letter."  
 The council then moved it might be  
 read, which the court agreed to; and as  
 I am well acquainted with Major Mere-  
 dith, he suffered me to take a copy of it,  
 which I did in court. Mr. Edwards then  
 read as follows:

"DEAR SIR,

"I RECEIVED your challenge,  
 "which I think proper not to accept.  
 "Thank God, I can call those officers and  
 "soldiers, who witnessed my behaviour  
 "at Fontenoy, as living evidences of  
 "my courage. The affair about which  
 "we quarrelled is a trifle. The blood  
 "of a soldier should be reserved to flow  
 "in a nobler cause: Love is blind, re-  
 "sentment mean, and taste capricious.  
 "In the cool hours of reason, think on

“ this, and I am persuaded you will  
 “ condemn your own conduct by ap-  
 “ proving mine.

Yours, &c.”

When this letter was read, there was a whisper of general applause; and every one seemed interested in the fate of this gallant young captain. Charlotte expressed great satisfaction upon hearing this account, which received (by Mr. Edwards's dignified manner in relating a story) a great many additional and striking ornaments, which the present biographer cannot give it. Charlotte was now sufficiently composed to bear a part in the succeeding conversation, which she did with so much success, that Mr. Edwards retired with his friend, not a little touched with the interview, and his affections not so much at his own disposal as when he came in.



## C H A P. XXIX.

**W**E have now seen a train of events, which however unexpected were yet true, by which Charlotte's fortune seemed to rise, and all calamity flowing from indigence removed.

The next morning she quitted her residence, along with Mrs. Banks, who, as she had borne part of all our heroine's distresses, was intitled to partake of her good fortune likewise; and Charlotte had too much honour and gratitude in her nature not to express the most lively evidences of it to her amiable benefactress.

Mrs. Banks and Charlotte took lodgings together in a street pretty far removed from the residence of that odious creature Miss Wasp. But however easy her circumstances now were, yet her mind underwent a thousand distractions on account of Captain Seymour, whose fate was not yet determined; and whom she loved still the more passionately for his being in distress.

I hope the reader will not censure her prudence, if in company with Mrs. Banks she visited her lover while he lay under sentence of death : if he does, I shall make no apology, only observe, that he must be a hard-hearted, unnatural, malevolent being, and a stranger to the perturbations, the painful anxieties, the nameless sollicitudes of love.

The first interview between Captain Seymour and Charlotte was too tender to admit of description. The reader who has feeling will share in it, and experience the same kind of emotion which the lovers did on their meeting in a prison. It was for Charlotte Captain Seymour was in this situation ; and that thought inspired her breast with a tenderness, in which gratitude, pity, love, and esteem, were all ingredients ; and that tenderness vented itself in tears of transport mixed with pain.

There began to be some doubt whether Captain Seymour should receive his Majesty's pardon. The friends of Lord Flutter did all they could to prevent a true representation of the case to reach the royal ear, while the friends of Seymour solicited an audience in vain. At last they fell upon a method which happily



pily proved successful. It has been remarked, that there was a brilliant appearance of ladies, as well as gentlemen, at the trial of Captain Seymour; and they made choice of one, whose influence, wherever she comes, is irresistible; and who was observed upon that occasion to, express the overflowings of humanity by sighs (which in the language of poetry, are the breezy powers of love); to solicit an audience of his majesty, and give a representation of Captain Seymour's case. Mean time our suffering lover bore his situation, this severest trial in the power of adversity, with a manly spirit. When Charlotte was present, he was sometimes overcome with tenderness; and while he gazed at her beauties, as one who was soon to bid an eternal adieu to love and sublunary happiness, he melted into tears: like a miserable wretch who is just about to suffer by the hands of an executioner, he takes his last look of the sun with inexpressible tumult, the sun which is to rise on him no more. Let not bravery mock this tenderness of the gallant young sufferer; remember the lines of Thomson,

—Tears are no reproach ;  
 They oft look comely on the manly cheek,  
 The cruel cannot weep.

Decency and a regard to character forbid Charlotte from making her visits long or frequent. Had she been the wife of Captain Seymour, she would never have left him in that gloomy period ; like the Belvidera of Otway, she would have made her arms a pillow for his head,

Crept to his bosom, pour'd the balm of love  
 Into his breast, and kiss'd him to his rest.

One day, while she and Mrs. Banks were with him, a servant who attended upon the Captain, being called suddenly into the room, threw them into the most exquisite agonies. The poor fellow was in tears ; and Captain Seymour guessing the cause, asked him boldly, if the warrant was come for his execution ? To which he replied bluntly, that the gaol-keeper told him it was to come to-morrow. The *execution*, and *to-morrow*, were sounds of death ! They were a knell to the heart, against which humanity could not successfully struggle ! The Captain caught Charlotte in his arms, who fainted at the word *execution* ; and  
 while

while he was endeavouring to recover her, he was so overcome with tenderness, and the alarm which the immediate prospect of death gave him, that he was thrown for some time into a state of insensibility. Never was a more distressful scene! never did lovers feel agonies more acute! As soon as strength was restored to them, they agreed to take an everlasting farewell, as the Captain could not bear another interview. He attempted it, but in vain; for the tender lady fainted away, as soon as he offered to throw his arms about her neck. Almost lifeless, and beyond feeling, it was thought expedient she should be carried home in a chair. Let lovers judge what Captain Seymour felt; every time he looked at her his soul was melted, he sighed and gazed, but could not part; and thanks to the mercy of an equitable monarch, and the interposition of an amiable lady, their parting was rendered more comfortable.

While the lovers were in these agonies, the gaol-keeper rudely entered, but with a tone more softened than usual; he told them, that a lady demanded immediate admittance. O how quick is hope; they conceived her errand must

be favourable ; and when she appeared, they were more composed than could have been expected. This was no other than the same amiable lady who had solicited the king. She had charms which could even teach a prison to smile ; and her eyes, which stole their beams from heaven, could dispel the melancholy gloom of that place of horror.

This amiable lady, who was not more beautiful than good, soon informed the lovers the success she had met with, and assured Captain Seymour, that in a few hours he would have his pardon and liberty. She did it with so condescending and obliging an air, which spoke a tenderness of heart, a certain benevolence of disposition, which, united with such unparalleled charms, rendered her both in moral and natural excellence the completest of her sex. Curiosity, no doubt, induced her to be the messenger of this news herself, that she might witness the behaviour of a man of so extraordinary character, in so extraordinary circumstances, whose story had made so great a noise, and employed the conversation of the town ever since the accident happened. As the lady had told him, so it fell out ; he had soon an opportunity of  
 thanking

thanking her at her own house, which he performed as soon as he had paid a short visit to his Charlotte, who had now, more than ever, the entire possession of his heart. He considered her tenderness for him, while under sentence of death; and as she told him all the disasters which had happened to her, since the night of rescue from the hands of the infamous Lord Flutter, their hearts became mutually united, the marriage of souls was already performed; and in the pleasing anxieties of courtship, I shall leave the two lovers, till some material incidents (which happened in another family) shall be disclosed.



### C H A P. XXX.

**F**ROM the time of Captain Seymour's killing Beau Hewit, and his receiving his pardon, employed about a month, during which time Mr. Blandford, (the supposed father of our heroine) was necessarily upon a journey, and consequently had received little or no intelligence concerning

cerning it till his return to town; but as all Captain Seymour's relations were alarmed, such of them who had any power or interest, repaired to the metropolis, upon so singular an event, amongst whom was a family with which he will be soon intimately connected.

From the idea we have given of Mrs. Blandford, the reader will not be much disposed to think favourably of her; and as she was a fury in her temper, there were several domestic broils between her husband and her. Whenever jarrings happen between the wedded pair, then is there the fairest opportunity for the sons of Industry, who lie in wait for prey, to exert themselves with success.

Sir John Lace, who continued still to visit at Mr. Blandford's, saw these family differences with pleasure: he endeavoured to improve them; and while he flattered his wife, he at the same time did all he could to exasperate the husband. He took the opportunity of Mr. Blandford's absence, to address his wife in the terms of a lover; and by his protestations, which her own wantonness disposed her to believe, she yielded, and he enjoyed. It is a moral and a true observation, That there is no security but in virtue.

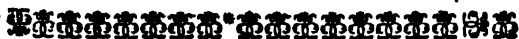
virtue. Notwithstanding all the secrets with which this adulteress intrigued, her unpropitious stars directed a discovery of it, when she least expected it could happen. Mr. Blandford, who maintained coldness towards his wife, gave himself no trouble to write to her from the country, or give her any account at the time of his return.

One evening, after Sir John Lace had drunk tea with her in her bedchamber, they engaged an intrigue; and as bad luck would have it, before the amour was finished, Mr. Blandford, who had unexpectedly returned, endeavoured to open the door, and finding it bolted, forced the lock, and discovered who he was, by asking if any body was there. Few people are wise and wicked at the same time; by his asking this question, it was plain he had heard nothing to alarm him, and consequently had they remained quiet, the matter perhaps had gone undiscovered. But Mrs. Blandford, struck with this view from her husband, which was never less welcome, was only attentive how to appear innocent in his eyes, and to throw guilt upon her gallant; and in consequence of this, like the wife of Potiphar,

of old; she had recourse to a stratagem: she immediately shrieked out with a voice which denoted distraction, let in her husband, and falling at his feet, blessed him a thousand times for his seasonable coming to rescue her from a rape, which his perfidious friend was about to commit upon her. She counterfeited innocence and distress so well, that the husband's resentment was entirely directed against Sir John Lace, whom he called a thousand times a villain; and in the violence of his passion struck him a blow. This blow roused Sir John's fury; he had bore his epithets with patience, because he was conscious he deserved them, and intended to have taken no notice of what proceeded from his tongue only; but when he received an ignominious blow, he could no longer remain unagitated; he then forgot he was to blame, and thought of nothing but resentment. At that time it luckily happened that neither of them had a sword, or one must have fallen; but Mr. Blandford, who had spirit enough to resent so base an insult, challenged him to fight next morning, the other as willingly accepted of it, and in this temper departed. What resulted in:  
the



the morning, shall be related in the ensuing chapter; in which if the reader expects a duel, he will be disappointed.



## CHAP. XXXI.

**I**T is impossible for a man of good sense to approve of a wicked conduct; however misguided by his appetites, he may for some time plunge himself into the labyrinths of luxury and fashionable excess.

Upon Sir John Lace's returning home, (after the strange adventure just now related) he sat down seriously to reflect on his conduct, and the consequence of a duel next day. Reason suggested to him, that he had much injured Mr. Blandford; he had injured him under confidence; he was his unsuspected friend, and yet, like a smiling hypocrite, he had seduced the wife of his bosom, than which no greater offence can be committed, unless he had perpetrated murder. When he reflected upon the duel, distractions

tractions rose upon him. " Shall I shed  
" the blood of a man I have in one sense  
" already murdered ! Did not I endea-  
" vour to betray to criminal embraces  
" a daughter upon which he doated !  
" Have not I been the means of her  
" being abandoned by her father ! Per-  
" haps she is now exposed to beggary  
" and wretchedness, or, what is yet more  
" dreadful, perhaps is supported by the  
" price of her innocence ! Have not I,  
" in all these respects, acted the part of  
" a villain ! a betrayer ! a murderer !"  
These reflections made a deep impres-  
sion on his mind, while at the same time  
he could not but with indignation think  
of the treacherous behaviour of Mrs.  
Blandford, who, provided she could gra-  
tify any of her appetites, cared not if  
those who were criminal with her should  
next minute be sacrificed. He blushed,  
when he reflected that he had made an  
attempt to ruin Fanny by her instiga-  
tion ; and in proportion as virtuous sen-  
timents rose in his mind, he abhorred  
the detested hypocrite who had coincided  
with him in a mutual violation of honour.  
Under the influence of these thoughts,  
he determined to avoid the duel, to  
throw himself at Mr. Blandford's feet,  
and

and open all the scene of horror to him ; to confess his own perfidiousness, and disclose the true character of his wife.

If some readers should be enraged against Sir John for this resolution of exposing Mrs. Blandford, let them consider how unworthy she was of having any secret of her's remain impenetrable. Did not she lay a scheme for ruining a helpless orphan, who had never offended her ? Did not she, to save the appearance of her own innocence, fall upon an expedient for the murder of her gallant ? And was not every step she took, the consequence of some concerted mischief ? Is there any thing in her character which looks like amiable ? And what quality does she possess to atone for her being an adulteress ? If these things are weighed, the most scrupulous in the affairs of gallantry cannot much blame Sir John for his resolution.—But whether this defence is satisfactory or no, is not material ; as an historian, I am obliged to relate the truth without deviation.

Next morning Mr. Blandford and Sir John were punctual to their appointment, which gave Mrs. Blandford very little uneasiness ; she cared not which of them fell ; she hoped that one would be killed.

killed. As soon as Sir John approached Mr. Blandford, he desired to converse with him privately for an hour, and to remove suspicion, offered to lay by his sword, till the interview should be over. When the two antagonists were retired, Sir John then revealed the whole circumstances already taken notice of; he confessed, that, encouraged by his wife, he had formed a scheme to ruin his child; that he never intended to marry her; and that he had forged letters from him to her, advising her to accept his offer: That he believed his daughter was really betrayed at Richmond; and her guilt, if it could be called so, admitted of many alleviations, which he then took occasion to enumerate. He also confessed with tears in his eyes, that he had defiled his bed, and that though he was well known not to want courage, he would not upon this occasion add blood-guiltiness to his other crimes. This ingenuous behaviour of Sir John's greatly affected the heart of Mr. Blandford. Though in the affairs of love he had often committed perjury, yet Mr. Blandford knew him too well to suspect him of cowardice, or that he would avoid a duel by a lye: He believed the tale of  
misery

misery which he told him, and they took leave with mutual perturbations; but the greatest part of Mr. Blandford's distress arising from this interview was yet to come.

It is not to be supposed he sat down tamely contented with this perfidy of his wife; and though he had a spirit too great to offer violence to a woman, yet upon his returning home, he resolutely told her, "That the house in which she now was, should be her's no more; that he would never again take an adulteress to his arms, a betrayer of her honour, and the base murderer of an innocent orphan's fame." — This speech, uttered with a terrifying voice, which nothing but provocation could produce in Mr. Blandford, alarmed her; she dreaded the shame of being exposed to the sneers of her neighbours, and the contempt of the world; and what yet more vehemently affected her, as her father and mother were then in town, she trembled at the thought of being exposed to them, whose honour she knew would join with Mr. Blandford, in casting her out of his and their presence for ever. Overcome with these sensations, thrown into the deepest distractions, and  
being

being already some months pregnant, her condition was really distressful, though she has not the least claim to pity. To reason with her husband, or to endeavour to palliate her crimes, she knew would be in vain, for evidence was too strong against her, and she had nothing but confusion and shame before her. These perplexities produced a miscarriage, and her situation became imminently dangerous. Mr. Blandford, naturally tender-hearted, suspended all resentment till the restoration of her health should prevent his just indignation from having the appearance of cruelty, which, however, he had no occasion ever to resume, for she never recovered.

Let not the reader imagine, that the reproaches of her husband were all the punishment assigned for such enormities as her's. No: Heaven, in justice for so black offences, had given her a memory faithful to her torment, which furnished its vicegerent Conscience with scorpion darts to sting her.

Some have alledged she drank poison, in order to rid herself of a miserable being; but this was never clear, and probability is on the other side; for a person so covered with guilt, one would  
 imagine,

imagine, scarce would have courage enough to hazard the life to come, before the summons of nature called her: besides, as poison generally produces some external appearance, Mr. Blandford could not be ignorant of such effects, had they been visible.



## C H A P. XXXII.

**M**R S. Blandford's sudden death prevented him from relating the melancholy news to her parents. She was dead, and he chose that her guilt should sleep with her in the grave. He had the highest veneration for old Mr. Wentworth and his lady, and knew into what pungent distress his wife's conduct must have thrown them, had it been revealed to them. The parents, who were ignorant of their daughter's dishonour, grieved for her, and except by them, not a tear was shed at closing her eyes; and I am certain her memory must be detested by every reader of these Memoirs, though  
the

the most shocking of all her enormities has not yet been told.

After the funeral of Mrs. Blandford, the old lady made frequent visits to her son-in-law, and her esteem for him rather increased than diminished.

One afternoon, while Mr. Blandford was paying a visit to his father-in-law, Mrs. Wentworth gave to an old servant (who had been about her person ever since her marriage, and had the most unbounded confidence placed in her, on account of her long approved integrity) a key to search a drawer of a cabinet, which had formerly belonged to Mrs. Blandford, for a picture of her set in gold, of which she intended to make Mr. Blandford a present. The servant went, and in searching the drawer saw a little box remarkably pretty, which curiosity excited her to open; she found in the box a small bundle of paper wrapped carefully up, which the same curiosity excited her to unfold, and in the heart of the bundle was a letter, upon which she no sooner threw her eyes, than she fell a trembling. She was seized with a confusion, which it would be in vain to attempt describing, and remained some time without the power of motion. No  
sooner



sooner had she recovered from this surprise, than with the letter in her hand, she hastened to the room where the family were at tea; and as soon as she set her eyes upon her old mistress, she fell a trembling again. This greatly surprised them: She dropt the letter, which Mr. Blandford took up, and without looking at it put it into the hand of the lady, who no sooner viewed the direction, than in uttering the words, "O gracious heaven!" she swooned in her chair; nor was Mr. Wentworth in a better situation when he viewed it. All this was a mystery to Mr. Blandford, who thought of nothing but how to rescue them from the situation into which this letter had thrown them.

I shall not trouble the reader with a detail of the various emotions which it produced in the breasts of these aged parents, but insert it here, and then his imagination may supply what I want words to describe.

MY DEAR SISTER,

" THOUGH I dare not address my  
 " parents, yet I am bold to tell my piteous  
 " story to you. You know by this time,  
 " I have deserted my husband, for I could  
 " no longer support his barbarity. I am  
 " in London, at the house of one Mrs.  
 " Morley. I have, in order to cover my  
 M " disgrace,

“ disgrace, assumed the name of Mrs.  
 “ Milward, till it shall please my parents  
 “ to remit their anger against me, who am  
 “ perfectly innocent of the crime with  
 “ which my husband has charged me. I  
 “ am near the hour of labour: Heaven  
 “ knows what will become of me! Will my  
 “ dear sister endeavour to support my inno-  
 “ cence, and not let me lose entirely my  
 “ parents affections, which to me would be  
 “ worse than death. I have a thousand  
 “ things to say. O Mira! think of one  
 “ who once called you sister; let me not  
 “ lose your love likewise; have some ten-  
 “ derness for the unhappy; write to me  
 “ according to the directions in my P. S.  
 “ Believe me, my dear, dear sister,

“ Yours with the warmest affection.

“ D O R I N D A.”

Such as have been parents, or such as  
 have humanity, will, in some measure, ex-  
 perience the agitations which this letter  
 produced. Nor did it affect the heart of  
 the aged parents, more than it did Mr.  
 Blandford: He now found out who Dorinda  
 was, whom he had so much loved, and that  
 he had been the husband of her sister. All  
 the calamities which had befallen poor  
 Fanny rose to his view, and distracted his  
 imagination. While the parents were lost

in

in wonder at this extraordinary accident, and anxiety to know what became of this favourite child, and her offspring, he was under the greatest uneasiness how to recover Fanny; for till that was done, he resolved not to disclose all the mystery with which he was acquainted.

In these perplexities we must a-while leave them, and turn our eyes to Captain Seymour. But before we conclude the chapter, it will not be amiss to observe, that the conduct of Mrs. Blandford has been pretty uniform; and if the reader remembers her behaviour to a poor maid, who had discovered a tenderness for her sister, he will not wonder that Mira, in the character of Mrs. Blandford, having not much improved her dispositions, should act consistent with them. But of all her treacheries, that practised against her sister is certainly the blackest, and even exceeds the pollution of her husband's bed. Some may think this assertion extravagant, but let them reflect, and it will not appear so. — The violence of that kind of appetite which is known by the name of Libidinous, and which often produces the dishonour of a woman, has not so black an origin as unprovoked malice. Constitution gives to some such unbounded desires, as indulgence itself cannot gratify; and there is a sort of

impulse in their natures for extravagant joy, which they may pursue, and be neither cruel nor malicious; and as cruelty and malice are crimes of a deeper dye, in their very natures, than appetite, they point out those who are guilty of them, as monsters more frightful than even adultery can make them. Especially when it is considered against whom this malice was practised; a sister, who had never offended her, by concealing a letter which would have restored her to her parents' arms, and prevented the many calamities which befel her, and the innocent infant she brought into the world. She had reason to believe Dorinda was in want, but her heart was not to be moved by that consideration; for when once a breast becomes callous to pity, every human vice may easily enter there. Never were in one family two more opposite characters, which serves to shew, that native goodness of heart is the immediate gift of heaven. A character more reproachable than Mira's (for the sake of the ladies) I hope is seldom to be found; and a character more amiable than Dorinda's, I am afraid, not so frequent as it were to be wished, in honour of the tender Sex.



## C H A P. XXXIII.

**I**T has been remarked, I think, that upon the occasion of Captain Seymour's distress, many of his relations and friends repaired to London, in order to interest themselves for him. He was not in the favour of any family more than in old Mr. Wentworth's, with whom he lived in a particular intimacy; though he never once visited their daughter Mrs. Blandford, occasioned by a quarrel before she was married, in which that lady was so much in the wrong, that he could not do violence enough to his nature to pretend civility to her.

Mr. Wentworth came to town partly to see his daughter, and partly to interest himself for the Captain, who, as soon as he recovered his liberty, waited on him and his lady, and was received with the usual tenderness and complaisance. They at the same time discovered the strongest inclination to have the young lady introduced to them, for whom he had acted and suffered so much. This he promised; but being prevented by various embarrassments, he had

not been able to effect it, till after they were clouded with melancholy, by means of the astonishing incident just related. In order to divert them, however, and to alleviate as much as possible the distress which bowed down their hoary heads, he appointed an afternoon, and introduced to their acquaintance Miss Charlotte, the object of his passion, for whom he accounted all his past labours well bestowed, and reckoned those sufferings light which endeared him to her. The young lady proved very agreeable to the good old couple; she tempered her vivacity with a mixture of reserve, best suited to please the aged; and her conversation was in every respect so engaging, that they wished the consummation between the young couple had taken place, that they might have a more intimate share in the lady, who was so extremely pleasing to them. Mr. Blandford, mean time, had used all means in his power to find out his abused, injured daughter; he had gone to the mercer's house, already mentioned, and was directed to Mrs. Mills: but upon being acquainted that no such person lodged there; for Mrs. Mills had gone to the country, and the house was governed by a servant; he began to despair of ever finding her. Drooping and melancholy, he called at Mr. Wentworth's lodgings the very afternoon Captain Seymour

Seymour had introduced Miss Charlotte to them. He entered the room without much ceremony, and had scarce been a minute in it, till the most tender scene ever exhibited by a tragic poet, ensued. He cast his eye upon Charlotte, he ran to her arms, embraced her, and fell upon her neck. The young lady was equally amazed, and in broken accents cried out, "O! have I again  
 " seen my father, my much beloved pa-  
 " rent!" She could not speak any more, her heart was too full for words; the tears ran down her cheeks; and they were for some minutes in this tender situation. Captain Seymour knew not what to think of this. Charlotte had never mentioned a father, or mother to him; he imagined they were dead, and that Mrs. Banks had taken her, for that very reason, under her care. When Mr. Blandford had recovered his surprize, he addressed Mr. Wentworth and his lady with as much composure as possible, in these words: "The young lady you see  
 " now before you, is your own grand-  
 " daughter; the child of the dear Dorinda  
 " whom you have so long lamented. Be-  
 " lieve my assertion now, and I shall at  
 " another time produce proofs." He had scarce uttered these words, till the old lady caught her in her arms, and poured her blessing on her; nor was Mr. Went-

worth less affected with so astonishing a discovery.

The reader may judge what situation the young lady was in at this succession of discoveries; she knew not what to believe nor what to think, her heart was melted with various sensations, and she was lost in wonder and amazement. Curiosity is certainly the most powerful principle implanted in the breast of man. Old Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth could have no rest till Mr. Blandford related all he knew concerning Dorinda, and how these extraordinary circumstances happened, which he did in as concise terms as possible; the substance of which is contained in these Memoirs: "But," added he, "I have some other evidence yet to produce, which cannot be done till to-morrow, at my own house, where I shall expect you all to breakfast."



#### C H A P. XXXIV.

THE company being met at Mr. Blandford's house, that gentleman went to a bureau, and there brought out what he called the greatest treasure he had in the world, and put it into Mrs. Wentworth's hand.



hand. This treasure was a necklace of Dorinda's : " I know not, says he, if you remember her having wore it ; this is all I have belonging to that amiable creature, which shall now be given to the person who has the best right to it, her daughter." " How I am amazed ! cries Mrs. Wentworth ; I need no other evidence : " O, I remember the necklace, she wore it on her wedding-day ! My heart is too full for words, I doubt no longer." The sight of the necklace renewed all her tenderness, and she was quite melted with the recollection of past scenes. When she was a little recovered, she asked Captain Seymour, then present, who was no other than the son of Philander, if he was not surprized to find his bride his cousin, the daughter of Simon, by Dorinda ? " She is an angel," replied he ; she cannot be dearer to me than she was before ; she is mine, and shall be for ever ; nothing but the irresistible summons shall part us." Mr. Blandford explained fully to the company the reason of his adopting Dorinda's child as his own, which carried in it so much generosity, that he was dearer to the aged couple, from that consideration, than from his being their son-in-law. One thing surprized Captain Seymour, which afterwards his bride explained to him. Mr. Blandford ad-

· dressed her by the name of Fanny, for which Captain Seymour was at a loss to assign a reason, as he knew her only by the name of Charlotte. Fanny, in order to explain a point at once so important and delicate, was obliged to shew a little of her late unknown aunt's cruelty, and produced the letter sent her by Mrs. Blandford, which occasioned her to change her name. All these difficulties being cleared up, nothing remained to compleat the happiness of Captain Seymour, and to fulfil the wish of the young lady's grand-parents, but that the church should give a sanction by union of hands, to those whom love and honour had previously united. The day was agreed upon, and the happy morning came, when by a sacred exchange of vows, Captain Seymour could triumph over his afflictions, and take the rich prize of beauty to his arms, for whom he had embarked in a troubled ocean, and combated the rudest storms of adversity. What reader does not share the happiness of this amiable couple! Who does not pray for blessings on them! They are now rich in love; and may adversity be ever a stranger to their dwelling! None who are benevolent can withhold expressions of joy on this occasion, and offer congratulations on the lovely pair.—But how uncertain is human felicity! for these lo-

vers

vers there are yet some pangs in reserve, and between them and happiness there is a great gulph fixed.



## CHAP. XXXV.

**I**T had been agreed by the parties, that the ceremony should be performed in the morning in a chapel near Mr. Blandford's house, by a right reverend prelate, which was accordingly done; and after their return, Captain Seymour was told, that a footman waited to deliver a message to him. This message summoned him to attend a person who had the most important business to transact, which could admit of no delay; and he was told that the footman would shew him the place where this person was. So mysterious a message raised his curiosity; he took leave a-while of his untasted bride, and went to the place appointed. When he entered, he was astonished to meet there with a young lady, who has made some figure in this history, and who had no mind to remain unactive when she heard that transactions were going on against her interest. This young lady was no other than Miss Wasp, who had

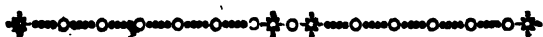
M 6

sent

sent for Captain Seymour to serve a malevolent purpose of her own. After the salutation, (which may be naturally expected from a woman scorned; and heaping upon him the names of hypocrite and villain) she composed herself a little, and thus addressed him: "Captain Seymour, though you have  
 " behaved to me not with much honour,  
 " and have unjustly incurred my displeasure, yet I am about to give you an evidence of my regard for you. You are  
 " to marry the wench you became acquainted with at my lodgings."—"Hold," says he, madam, I will bear with no such freedom; this morning's solemnization has made her my wife: She is the most excellent of her sex." "The vilest, returned Miss Wasp, the basest; hear me, and I will explain." He was a little surprized at her boldness, and from that circumstance was disposed to take some notice of what she said. "She is a strumpet, a scandal to her sex; and you are strangely deceived who think her innocent."—"Not innocent!" replied he. — "Not innocent, continued Miss Wasp; you are wedded to a profligate, base woman; she had art to allure you; and has deceived others wiser than you. I can produce a living witness of her shame. In the next room is a nurse, who has had a child of  
 " her's

"her's under her care for some time. I  
 "tell you, she's the mother of a bastard,  
 "and you may, if you please, see that  
 "bastard this very instant.—She is, she is  
 "a strumpet." Captain Seymour stood  
 astonished at her mentioning this last cir-  
 cumstance; he began to believe Miss Wasp,  
 and was driven almost to distraction. "Who  
 "is the villain that has enjoyed her?" says  
 "he; tell me that, and I am satisfied." To  
 this Miss Wasp replied, "That she doubted  
 "not but the favoured odds were many.  
 "Sir John Lace I am sure is one." Upon  
 her mentioning Sir John Lace, he threw  
 out of the room like one in madness, with-  
 out the ceremony of taking leave, and hur-  
 ried again to Mr. Blandford's, where his  
 presence produced an affecting scene; but  
 before that shall be exhibited, it will be  
 proper to observe, that Miss Wasp was  
 made acquainted by Mrs. Banks, while they  
 lived in friendship, of the full state of our  
 heroine's affairs, and knew at what place  
 in the country the child she brought into  
 the world was put to nurse. Publick fame  
 had acquainted her of the Captain's intend-  
 ed nuptials; and she had too many spies  
 abroad not to be able to trace out the house  
 where he lodged, and the places of his re-  
 sort. And from the idea we have of her  
 character, it will not appear strange, that  
 she

she put in practice this astonishing scene of malice, which could only enter into the heart of one entirely influenced by that base passion. She had hired the nurse to bring the child to town, whom after her purpose was served she paid for her trouble, and instantly dismissed.



## C H A P. XXXVI.

**M**R. Seymour had been absent longer than expectation; the bride was uneasy, and there was a general solicitude in the house for him. As soon as the bride heard that her lover was come, she ran to his embraces, and throwing her arms about his neck, gently chid him for his delay: She told him it was unkind to leave her so long on her wedding-day, and accompanied her little complaints with such endearing looks of tenderness, that rage itself must melt before them. Captain Seymour had left Miss Wasp in all the phrenzy of madness, with a heart wrought up to fury, and resolute upon revenge. But as soon as he saw this soother of his soul, fury fled before her, and his rage subsided into sadness. He made no returns of tenderness, but  
looked

looked at her with a countenance, which had more of despair than anger.

The lady, alarmed at this change in his behaviour, asked him the cause, which he only answered by sighs; and at last, when her importunity would admit of no evasion, he told her, "That though the ceremony  
 " of marriage had passed between them,  
 " yet as the marriage had not been consummated, she should never call him  
 " husband, for he scorned all connection  
 " with a woman who could so subtilly betray, put on the appearance of the most  
 " spotless innocence, and disguise under it,  
 " lewdness and incontinence." "Lewdness  
 " and incontinence!—replied Fanny, I protest I know not what you mean: Sure  
 " Captain Seymour does not believe me  
 " guilty. Have not you seen me in the  
 " most deplorable distress, occasioned by  
 " my efforts to resist a villain? What part  
 " of my conduct have you since observed,  
 " which merited censure! O let not the  
 " tongue of slander betray you to a rash  
 " belief of my dishonour! I protest, by all  
 " that's sacred in heaven, and dear on  
 " earth"—On uttering these words Captain Seymour interrupted her, "Hold,  
 " madam, beware of adding to dishonour,—  
 " Whose child was that, Miss Walsby has just  
 " now shewn me? Say, are not you the  
 " mother?"

"mother? Dare not to deny it: Who is the  
 "favoured villain with whom ——— Do  
 "you remember Sir John Lace? Dare not,  
 "dare not to deny it." On uttering these  
 words our bride turned pale, her spirit fail-  
 ed, and she fainted away in her chair. The a-  
 larm produced by her swooning, brought  
 Mr. Wentworth and Mr. Blandford into the  
 room. Being astonished at this unexpected  
 and new calamity, they enquired of the bride-  
 groom the cause of this disorder; to which  
 he replied, "I have turned the young lady's  
 "eyes into her heart, and she cannot bear  
 "to read it lest her eyes stream blood. O  
 "how miserable am I on my wedding day!"  
 They begged of him still to explain himself,  
 which he refused to do, till the necessary  
 means were used for the recovery of Fanny.  
 When her spirits were restored, he thus ad-  
 dressed her in the presence of Mr. Blandford  
 and her grandfather: "Madam, I am not  
 "enflamed by jealousy; I think I am above  
 "the mean passion; but I cannot bear to  
 "take pollution to my arms. Explain the  
 "point upon which my uneasiness is found-  
 "ed: Are you, or are you not the mother  
 "of a bastard? or has Miss Wasp traduced  
 "you. O! if she has traduced you, she shall  
 "feel my vengeance; her sex shall not pro-  
 "tect her; and if you are guilty, you shall  
 "feel it too. I am tender, and I love you;  
 "but



“but a soldier must love his honour, and  
 “I shall never be the sport of wanton  
 “fools.”

Upon hearing this speech Mr. Blandford was at no loss to conjecture the cause of his disorder, and immediately told him, “That there was one person who could  
 “fully explain that circumstance to his  
 “satisfaction; and though the lady was a  
 “mother, she was not so by voluntary  
 “lewdness; that person is Sir John Lace.” The name of Sir John Lace, whom Mr. Seymour imagined to be his hated rival, awakened him to passion. “Bring not,  
 “says he, a villain to confront me, who has  
 “polluted her I once thought innocent,  
 “and should now have made happy. Do  
 “you mean to insult me in my distress?  
 “Mention him again and”——upon saying these words he flew out of the room, in the most violent rage, declaring that he should not return till he had paid a debt to honour.

This behaviour threw all into consternation; there was nothing but tears and astonishment. What tortures must this unhappy bride feel! She would not disown the babe she had brought into the world; Mr. Seymour’s passion pierced her to the heart; she dreaded the interview with Sir John Lace. She was innocent, but unluckily had

had scarce any means of proving herself so. This is a dilemma so excruciating to the soul, which they who are subject to experience, would even exchange for madness, nor scarce has guilt itself a pang severer. Imagination cannot figure a state more completely wretched; and upon this occasion she could not help wishing with Hamlet,

O that this too solid flesh could melt,  
 Thaw and dissolve itself into a dew :  
 Or that th' Almighty had not placed his cannon  
 Against self murder ———



## C H A P. XXXVII.

**I**N this melancholy situation did Captain Seymour leave the family at Mr. Blandford's, when he went in search of Sir John Lace, of whom he got intelligence at a coffee-house. He called at his lodgings, but was told he should not be home till to-morrow morning. The bridegroom resolved not to return till he had seen him, and paid a debt to honour, which he had mentioned on his leaving Fanny.

This was a melancholy night with the young bride. All her sufferings, except that of parting with Caytain Seymour in the prison,

prison, were light when compared to this: She had been upon the brink of felicity, and was tumbled from the very height of expectation, to the darkest vale of misery. Nor were those about her less affected. They were doubly concerned for the fate of Seymour, and the distress of Fanny.

Next morning Captain Seymour called on Sir John Lace; and as he had left his name, when he had called there before, Sir John, imagining the business to be of importance, had gone to Mr. Blandford's, where he conjectured the Captain was, (for he was made acquainted with the discoveries already mentioned) in order to prevent his trouble. When Sir John Lace entered Mr. Blandford's, his presence threw the family into the greatest confusion. Fanny had not seen him since the adventure at Richmond, and he called to her mind a train of ideas, that rendered her doubly wretched.

Scarce had the family recovered the consternation into which the presence of Sir John Lace threw them, when Captain Seymour made his appearance; and his eyes were so fierce and menacing, that much was to be dreaded from the temper of mind he seemed then to be in. He first threw a look of ineffable indignation at Fanny, as if she not only had been guilty, but  
meant

meant to glory in her shame, by being in company with the man he suspected. He then turned to Sir John Lace, and told him, "That he had been in search of him in order to oblige him to explain a point of the most delicate importance, and to answer by his sword, to some questions he should have put to him." "I cannot guess, said Sir John, what these questions are, to which I must answer by my sword. I have never violated the candour of a gentleman to you; you have no right to insult me with your sword." "Hold, returns Captain Seymour, have you not violated the honour of a gentleman? Have you not shamefully introduced this wretched thing, I could wish to call my bride, into a state of prostitution? Have you not ~~not~~" Before he could finish the last sentence, Sir John interrupted him with the most solemn protestation, that he had never wronged her.—"Not wronged her, replied the Captain; she is the mother of a bastard. Who wronged her! Sir? By heavens, I will be satisfied, and brave you to confess." "I never will confess a lye, returned the knight: The Lady, Sir, is a mother, I know it; and she has indeed been wronged, ravished, abused, I know by whom; and when I tell it to you, Cap-  
tain

tain Seymour, your veins will thrill at it."—"O tell it me, returns he; let me but know, and I will bear the consequence." Sir John then continued: "That I attempted to act dishonourably to this Lady, I do not deny, and I now tell it with concern. I intended by a mock marriage to have ruined her; and the better to perpetrate my purpose, I carried her to Richmond, but was disappointed in my scheme of seducing; for the night before I was to have revelled in her arms, when she had retired to rest, in confidence of my honour, and was unsuspecting of danger, a ravisher stole upon her, and that ravisher was——" "Name him not, cried Captain Seymour; O! my heart informs me! — Was it she I stole upon in that hour of love? And is this the innocent I wronged?" "Yes, returns Sir John, you wronged me, and violated her: She thought me her bridegroom, you knew not but I was, and you betrayed us both." "I protest, returns Captain Seymour, I was informed that you meant to ruin her, or would not have violated my honour so far, as to have attempted ——" "I forgive you, returned Sir John, and I am happy, in being able to explain to you a point of so much importance

“ importance to this Lady’s honour. She  
 “ is innocent, continued he ; you may take  
 “ her to your arms, as an immaculate  
 “ bride. You are at once a bridegroom,  
 “ and a father ; and O consider, that that  
 “ calamitous accident, occasioned first by  
 “ me, and in which you likewise was con-  
 “ cerned, has produced much, nay all the  
 “ misery this amiable creature has suffered.”

Captain Seymour could no longer support the astonishment which this conversation threw him into. He fell at the feet of his injured bride, whom an excess of credulity had made him suspect ; he embraced her knees, and wept before her. The bride’s astonishment on this occasion was not less than his, to find the man whom she called her betrayer, no other than the amiable Captain Seymour, her lover and her husband.

After the consternation was over, their mutual acknowledgments were tender, their protestations sincere, and with hearts overflowing with love, and warm with friendship, which distress had already proved to be genuine and unaffected, they sunk in each other’s arms, and almost fainted away with excess of happiness.

Never let the virtuous mind despair. Under how many disadvantages did this young Lady labour ? How many hours im-

imbittered with misery did she pass? Yet it pleased heaven, to crown her with happiness at last, by discovering her family to her, and giving her that man for a husband, whom she loved beyond all who had ever addressed her; and who, though he had before wronged her unknowingly, yet since acted and suffered for her; and who now lives to make her as happy as conjugal tenderness and endearment can do.



## C H A P. XXXVIII.

**A**FTER a few weeks spent in town with Mr. Blandford, old Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth, accompanied with Captain Seymour and his Lady, set out for their country seat, where the Captain intends to live with his amiable wife, during the life of the old people; and though his own estate (for his father was some time dead before his marriage) is contiguous, yet they chuse to live all in the same house. Mrs. Seymour, with consent of her husband, settled on Mrs. Banks sixty pounds a year during her life, and invited her to the country, which she did not think proper to accept, as she was fond of her old acquaintance, and

and by this addition of sixty pounds to what she before had, her income renders her life very comfortable.

Sir John Lace, having too long run the giddy rounds of fashion, is now quite reformed, adds to his other good qualities piety and virtue, and is, in the true sense of the word, a fine gentleman. He is a member of the senate, is above corruption, and it is difficult to say whether his zeal or ability to serve his country is greatest.

The landlady, who behaved so cruelly to Fanny, finding her circumstances decay, took up another profession, which being contrary to law, has exposed her to the severity of the magistrate; and she is at this time an inhabitant of a prison.

The amiable gentlemen Mr. Williams and Mr. Edwards are married to ladies of the first accomplishments, and their lives are as happy as virtue and opulence can render them.

Soon after Captain Seymour's marriage he quitted the army; his wife is now big with her third child, and their lives flow on with uninterrupted tranquility. Mrs. Seymour leads the fashion wherever she goes: She pensions out of the pin-money which Mr. Seymour allows her, twenty girls, and ten old men, in the country where she lives. The girls are educated to virtuous industry, and



and the old men are by her bounty enabled to descend into the grave in comfort.

As to Miss Wasp, she is not yet provided with a husband ; but it is currently reported, and I believe with truth, that Lady Racket, Lady Hazard, Lady Hurricane, and Lady Moonlight, have all refused her admittance into their Drums, because she has been detected in an intrigue with her own footman ; and if common fame does not bely her, she is a mother : The father is a likely fellow, who used to walk behind her back, but who has now a place in a publick office, procured by her interest. Miss Wasp, with all her fortune, is compleatly unhappy, for no lady of fashion will take notice of her ; and she has lately been seen in company with women of bad fame, because nobody else will appear with her in publick.

Lord Flutter, who never had any thing but a large fortune to recommend him, is now a wretch in splendour. He quarrelled with a young nobleman upon an affair, in which he himself was the aggressor. They agreed to decide the matter by a duel, and chose their seconds. When their swords were drawn, the coward heart of Lord Flutter failed him, he dropped his sword, and with unparalleled meanness begged his life. The young nobleman, who scorned to take the advantage of him in this case, and who

N

despised

despised him as a creature unworthy of his hand, granted it; and when he was about sheathing his sword, and entirely unsuspecting of danger, Flutter snatched up his, which lay on the ground, with a murderous intent; but the seconds observing this base behaviour, prevented its being carried into execution, and saved him from the crime of blood. But as this infamous attempt is generally known in the world, he is now shunned, hated and despised by all who have the least spark of honour in them; and though he possesses a large fortune, his enjoyment cannot be great; for none will associate with him but despicable sycophants, abandoned panders, and ruined gamesters.

There are some vices whose nature is so enormous, that there is seldom any reformation produced in the characters of those who commit them; and when these vices taint the mind of a man of sense, they are much to be deprecated. Of the truth of this Nabbes is an instance. Not many months after he had produced such an inhuman devastation in Sir Charles Mandeville's family, and before that Knight had inclination or time to make him feel his resentment, he was accused of corruption in his office. It would appear as if this man had been born a villain; for his errors, or rather enormous vices, could not possibly  
flow

flow from ignorance, for Reason, the boasted directress of his actions, could have better informed him; and it is no great compliment to his airy system, that the author was so compleat a wretch.—The corruption with which he was accused was proved against him, and he was dismissed with reproach. It would seem now as if the blood of the amiable Mills Otway, and the pious saint her sister, cried out vengeance against him, for his future conduct was a continued violation of the law. Being reduced in his circumstances, he had recourse to the too fashionable method of cheating, in which he was detected, and punished with all the rigour of the law; and as his character was so generally known, he suffered the severe infliction without sharing a tear of pity, and had almost expired under the discipline.

By the power of his cunning, and great talents for wheedling, (notwithstanding he had more than once been made an example of public justice) yet he found means again to ingratiate himself with some of those sons of industry who are known by the name of fortune-hunters, because he could be useful to them in planning their schemes of intrigue, as good sense, and such characters, are far enough distant. He was concerned with a gang of ruffians in attempting to carry off a young lady by violence. They lay

in wait for her as she was returning one night pretty late from the performance of a visit, attended only with another lady: Their scheme was to have carried her away, and have had her married by force to one of the conspirators. While they were about perpetrating this purpose, the shrieks of the lady alarmed a gentleman of the army who was passing that way; and as it is the business of every gallant man to rescue the distressed, he flew to her assistance with the magnanimity of a foldier; and though he had to combat half a dozen of practised robbers, he attempted her rescue. In the scuffle the gentleman of the army run Nabbes through the body, of which wound he instantly expired. An alarm being given they were all secured, and the young lady gave the most honourable testimony in favour of the gentleman, and declared, that had it not been for his courage and humanity, she must have been violently carried off by that gang of ruffians. The person of the deceased being exposed, (as usual on those occasions) in order to be owned, Nabbes was soon known to be the man.— Thus fell ingloriously the author of Reason the only Directreis, when he was about to add one crime more to his other enormities; Heaven has not permitted him to go unpunished; and I am persuaded the reader will

will be still more disposed to admire the wisdom and justice of Providence, when he is told that the hand by which he fell was that of Mr. Otway, the brother of those injured saints whom Nabbes's machinations had brought to an immature fate.

When Mr. Otway returned from the public service of his country, he was sunk in the bitterest distress for the loss of his sisters, particularly that sweet innocent, whose fair reputation Nabbes had blasted. As soon as he was made acquainted with his sister's story, he would have sacrificed her detractor to his resentment, but that he deemed him a wretch unworthy of his sword, and therefore forbore to pursue him in anger, nor ever indeed had seen him; but, as if by the immediate interposition of heaven, he was led to his revenge, or rather was made the just instrument of destroying a man, who by hypocrisy, malice, and black ingratitude, produced the fall of his injured sister: And what was still more happy for Mr. Otway, he had the satisfaction of sacrificing Nabbes in the best cause in which a gentleman can be engaged, namely, that of a lady in distress; and while the action added a plume to his honour, it furnished a secret satisfaction.—Ye who have hearts actuated by such base incentives as that of Nabbes, O think that even in this

Life there is no security. If you have overcome the terrors of the next, yet do not deceive yourselves, for vices such as his will produce their own punishment; and beings so compleatly wicked, are seldom suffered to descend into the grave in peace.

But before we put an end to this concluding chapter, we shall make some observations on that part of our heroine's conduct, which some people will be apt to censure. I have already apologized for the small resistance she made when she found herself encircled in the arms of a man who she imagined was to become her husband, and such scrupulous readers I refer to that apology. O let it be considered, that fallible creatures, in censuring one another, ought to be extremely candid; and for one error in conduct let none presume to despise their neighbours. Who amongst us has not committed greater violations? And though it may not have been our fortune to be exposed to so many miserable consequences, yet when it is considered, that intention constitutes the merit or demerit of actions, we ought to be very sparing in our censures.—Prudence was certainly none of the qualities of our heroine; but an historian should draw a  
character

character as it really existed : And if this amiable lady was deficient in prudence, she had a large share of generosity of disposition and goodness of heart. Some may blame her for concealing from Captain Seymour the misfortune of her having a child, and not revealing to him all the circumstances of her story. To those I answer, That delicacy deterred her from it ; and that as she was conscious of her own innocence, she discovered no immorality in concealing what no duty commanded her to reveal. Indeed, I believe, no woman in so embarrassing a circumstance would have acted otherwise ; and we may appeal to the most discerning of our readers, whether Captain Seymour (from the action of dishonour he committed against an innocent lady under such circumstances of disadvantage, at Richmond) does not deserve a higher punishment than the shock he met with on his wedding-day.

Whatever were her errors, a large portion of suffering was decreed to her ; and it must give pleasure to every benevolent mind to find her now happy. And may that hour be far distant which strips her of life ! May she give many fair pledges of conjugal felicity to the world ! May the close of her days be as serene as

the noon of her life! May the grim tyrant steal at last gently on her! and when she descends to the mansions of the dead,

O may the turf lie light upon her breast!

THE END.





## BOOKS *printed for* T. LOWNDES.

1. **P**osslethwayt's Dictionary of Trade and Commerce, 2 vol. 4l 4s

2. A two sheet map of Staffordshire, engraved in 1747, with alphabetical lists of the hundreds, towns, &c. The whole properly coloured, 2s

3. New editions of Lowndes's Marriage Registers, on paper, parchment, and vellum. Twenty-five sheets of demi paper contain 400 complete registers, which are sold at 4s; and those on medium paper, 6s. Some are printed on parchment, demy size, at 8d; others on vellum, demy size, at 18d per Leaf.

4. The History of London from the foundation to the present time, including the several parishes in Westminster, Middlesex, Southwark, &c. within the bills of mortality. By William Mauiland, F. R. S. in 2 vols. with cuts, price 3l 3s

5. Milton's Paradise Lost, with Dr. Newton's notes and cuts, 2 vol. quarto, 2l 10s

6. The Complete Farmer: or, A general dictionary of husbandry in all its branches; containing the various methods of cultivating and improving every species of land. Comprising every thing valuable in the best writers on this subject. Together with a great variety of new discoveries and improvements. Also the whole business of breeding, managing, and fattening cattle of all kinds; and the most approved methods of curing the various diseases to which they are subject. Also Mr. Wildman's method of raising bees, and of acquiring large quantities of wax and honey, without destroying those laborious insects. To which is now first added, the Gardener's Kalendar, calculated for the use of farmers and country gentlemen; containing an ample account of the work necessary to be done every month in the year, in the nursery and kitchen gardens. Illustrated with a great variety of copper-plates, exhibiting all the instruments used in husbandry; particularly those lately invented, and presented to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. in London. By a Society of

of Gentlemen, members of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. The second edition, enlarged and improved, price 1l 5s

7. Heister's General History of Surgery, 1l 1s
  8. Anson's Voyage, with cuts and maps, 1l 1s
  9. Beggar's Opera, with the music in score, 2s 6d
  - Alexander's Feast, Semele,
  - L'Allegro ed il Penseroso
  - Occasional Oratorio
  - Solomon, Susanna
- } By Fred. Handell,  
Esq. 1s each
10. Ferguson's Astronomy, 18s
  11. Foote's Plays, 2 vols. 14s
  12. Salmon's Geographical Grammar, 6s
  13. Gordon's Geographical Grammar, 5s
  14. Uring's Voyages and Travels, 5s
  15. Addison's Miscellanies, 4 vols. 20s
  16. Dramatic Works of A. Hill, Esq. with Love-letters of the Author, 2 vols. 10s
  17. A Tour through Spain and Portugal 5s
  18. Compleat Housewife, with plates, 5s
  19. Fielding's Plays, 3 vols. 15s
  20. Baskerville's Congreve, 3 vols. cuts, 1l 1s
  21. Bailey's English Dictionary, 6s
  22. Life of the Duke of Marlborough, illustrated with Maps, Plans of Battles, Sieges and Medals. By THOMAS LEDIARD, Esq. 2 vols. 12s
  23. Milton's Paradise Lost, with Hayman's cuts, and notes by Dr. Newton, 2 vols. 12s
  24. ——— Regained, 2 vols. 10s
  25. Cole's Latin and English Dictionary, 6s
  26. Boyer's Fr. and Eng. Dictionary, 6s
  27. Dr. James's Dispensatory, 3d edit. 6s
  28. Capell's Shakespear, 10 vols. 2l 2s
  29. Johnson's Shakespear, 8 vols. 2l 8s
  30. Wells' Dionysius, with maps, 3s 6d
  31. The History of inland Navigations, and particularly those in Cheshire, Lancashire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, &c. with the intended one from Leeds to Liverpool, in 2 parts, price 2s 6d each, illustrated with geographical plans of the different navigations.

32 Chambaud's

32. Chambaud's French Exercises, 2s
33. ——— Rudiments of the French tongue, 2s
34. Macbride's Medical and Philosophical Essays, 5s
35. Muller's Fortification, with plates, 6s
36. Palermo's Italian Grammar, 5s
37. Smollet's Travels, 2 vols. 10s
38. Beggar's Opera Songs, with music for harpsichord, violin, or German flute, 1s 6d
39. Anson's Voyage round the World, by Walter, with maps, 6s
40. Treatise on Opium. By G. Young, M. D. 3s 6d
41. Theobald's Shakespear, 8 vols. cuts, 1l 8s
42. Fortunate Country Maid, 2 vols. 6s
43. The Prater, by Nicholas Babble, Esq. 3s
44. Antigallican; or Adventures of H. Cobham, Esq. 3s
45. Adventures of Owen Gwin Vaughan, Esq. 2 vols. 5s
46. Sir John Vanbrugh's Plays, 2 vols. 6s
47. Milton's Paradise Lost, with cuts, 3s 6d
48. Dr. Smollet's Quixote, plates, 4 vols. 12s
49. The Works of Mr. G. Farquhar, 2 vols. 6s
50. Sir Rich. Steele's Dramatic Works, 2s 6d
51. Kimber's Peerage of England, with plates of arms, supporters, &c. 3s 6d
52. ——— Peerage of Scotland, with arms, &c. 3s 6d
53. ——— Peerage of Ireland, with arms, &c. 3s 6d
54. Croxall's Æsop, 2s 6d
55. Howard's Plays, 3s
56. Ovid's Art of Love, 3s
57. ~~Mrs.~~ Teresa Constantia Philips, 3 vols. 9s
58. Dramatic Works of N. Rowe, Esq. 2 vol. 6s
59. Poems, by Mrs. Tollet, viz. A. Boleyn, &c. 2s
60. Letters of Abelard and Heloise, with Eloisa to Abelard, by Mr. Pope, 1s 6d, sewed
61. The same book on fine paper, with elegant plates, 2s 6d bound
62. Fielding's Tom. Jones, 4 vols. 12s
63. Otway's

63. Otway's Dramatic Works and Love-letters, 3 vols. 9s
64. Henrietta, by Mrs. Lennox, 2 vols. 6s
65. Memoirs of the Countess Berei; translated by Mrs. Lennox, 2 vols. 6s
66. Shakespear's Works, 9 vol. 16s
67. The Fair Circassian, a dramatic performance, with cuts, by Dr. Croxall, 1s
68. Gerhard's Divine Meditations, 3s
69. Philips's Splendid Shilling, 1s. or all his poems, with cuts, 2s 6d bound
70. Barrow's Naval History, with 22 maps, naval engagements, heads, &c. 4 vols. 12s
71. Johnson's Compleat Letter-Writer, 2s
72. Mrs. Centlivre's Plays, 3 vols. 9s
73. Cibber's Plays, 5 vols. 15s
74. Brown's Roman Hist. for schools, 2s
75. Martin's Gazetteer, with seven maps, 3s 6d
76. The English Theatre: Containing 20 comedies, and 20 tragedies; 8 vols. 12mo. 1l 4s
77. Genuine Memoirs of Maria, 2 vols. 5s
78. Adventures of Frank Clive, 2 vols. 6s
79. Hatton's Comes Commercii, 2s
80. The Novelist, with cuts, in 2 vols. 6s
81. Pomfret's Poems, 1s 6d
82. The Wanderer: or, Memoirs of Charles Scarle, Esq. 2 vols. 6s
83. The Surprizes of Love, in four Novels, 3s
84. Roderick Random, 2 vols. 6s
85. Gordon's Young Man's Companion, 2s 6d
86. Mather's Young Man's Companion, 2s
87. History of Sir Charles Beaufort, 2 vols. 6s
88. Adventures of Capt. Robert Boyle, 3s
89. Mrs. Haywood's Love in its variety, 2s 6d
90. Almorán and Hamet. By Dr. Hawkesworth, 2 vols. 4s sewed.
91. The Discovery, or, Memoirs of Marianne Middleton, 2 vols. 6s
92. History of Harriot Watson, 2 vols. 5s
93. Mari-

93. *Matrimony, a Novel*, by John Shebbeare, M. D.  
2 vols. 12mo, 6s
94. *Fielding's Joseph Andrews*, 2 vols. 6s
95. *Thomson's Seasons*, 3s
96. *Young Lady's Geography*, maps, &c. 3s
97. *The Matrimonial Preceptor*, 3s
98. *New Duty of Prayer*, 1s 2d
99. *History of Miss Delia Stanhope*, 2 vol. 6s
100. *Dr. Brookes's Art of Angling*, cuts, 3s
101. *Amoranda, or the Reformed Coquet*, 2s
102. *Nun's Poetical Letters to a Cavalier*, with the  
Answers, 2s 6d
103. *Fruitless Enquiry, a Novel*, by Mrs. Haywood,  
Author of *Betsy Thoughtless*, 3s
104. *Adventures of Captain Singleton*, by Daniel De-  
foe, 3s
105. *Dr. Young's Works*, 5 vols. 15s
106. *Prior's Poems*, 3s 6d
107. *Spectator*, 8 vols. 16s
108. *Spencer's Works*, 6 vols. 12s
109. *The Convent*, 2 vols. 6s
110. *Memoirs of Count Palavicini*, 2 vols. 6s
111. *History of Major Bromley*, 2 vols. 6s
112. *High Life, a Novel*, 2 vols. 6s
113. *History of Miss Indiana Danby*, 4 vols. 12s
114. *Compleat London Songster*, 2s
115. *Anson's Voyage round the World*, 3s
116. *Woman of Fashion*, 2 vols. 6s
117. *Gil Blas*, by Smoller, 4 vols. 8s
118. *Captain in Love*, 2 vols. 5s
119. *The Visiting Day*, 2 vols. 6s
120. *The Modern Wife*, 2 vols. 6s
121. *Addison's Miscellanies*, 4 vols. 12s
122. *Gay's Plays*, viz. *Captives*, *Beggar's Opera*,  
*Polly*, *Achilles*, *Distressed Wife*, &c. 3s
123. *The Country Seat, or Summer's Evening Enter-  
tainments*, 2 vols. 6s
124. *Tour through Great Britain*, brought down to  
1769, 4 vols. 12s
125. *Salmon's Modern Gazetteer*, with maps, 3s 6d
126. *Harris's*

126. Harris's View of all the Diseases of Children, 3s  
 127. Mrs. Fielding's Life of Cleopatra and Octavia, 3s  
 128. Home's Dramatic Works, viz. Douglas, Agis,  
 and Siege of Aquileia, 3s  
 129. Horace, Latin and English, by Dr. Francis, 4  
 vols. 12s  
 130. History of Miss Pittborough, 2 vols. 6s  
 131. Gay's Poems, 2 vols. 6s

## PLAYS, 8vo. lately printed, 1s 6d each.

- |                            |                             |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| <b>A</b> LZIRA, by A. Hill | Mahomet, altered by Dr.     |
| Athelwold, by A. Hill      | Garrick, Esq.               |
| Art and Nature, by the     | Maid of the Mill            |
| Rev. Mr. Miller            | Man of Taste                |
| Beggar's Opera, with music | Midas, a Comic Opera        |
| Cælia, or Perjured Lover   | Minor, by Mr. Foote         |
| Cymbeline, by Hawkins      | Miser by Mr. Fielding       |
| Dissembled Wanton          | Modish Couple               |
| Douglas, by Mr. Home       | Momus turned Fabulist       |
| Double Falshood            | Mother-in-Law               |
| Double Mistake             | Oliver Cromwell             |
| Elfrid, or the Fair Incon- | Orators, by Mr. Foote       |
| stant; by A. Hill          | Papal Tyranny               |
| Fashionable Lady           | Periander, by T. Atkins,    |
| Fatal Vision, by A. Hill   | Esq.                        |
| Fate of Villany            | Plain Dealer, altered by    |
| Foundling, by Mr. Moore    | Bickerstaff                 |
| Guardian Outwitted         | Prodigal, by T. Odell, Esq. |
| Henry V. by A. Hill        | Rinaldo, by A. Hill         |
| Henry VIII. by Mr. Grove   | Roman Revenge               |
| with cuts                  | Scanderberg, by Havard      |
| Highland Fair, with Mu-    | Timoleon, by B. Martin      |
| sick                       | Timon in Love, by Ralfe     |
| Humours of Oxford          | Village Opera, by Johnson   |
| Independent Patriot        | Universal Passion           |
| Insolvent, or Filial Piety | Widow Bewitch'd             |
| Love in a Village          | Zara, with the Interlude    |
| Lover, by The. Cibber      |                             |

## FARCES,

**FARCES, &c.** 8vo. lately printed, 1s each.

Author, by Mr. Foote	King Lear, altered by G.
Beggars Wedding	Colman, Esq.
Boarding School	Livery Rake
Britons Strike Home	Merry Cobbler
Chambermaid	Midas, altered
Citizen, by Mr. Murphy	Muses in Mourning
Coffee House	Pharnaces, an Opera
Damon and Phillida	Plain Dealer, by Wycherley
Devil of a Duke	Quakers Opera
Edgar and Emmeline	Rover, by Mrs. Behn
Fatal Extravagance	Spirit of Contradiction
Generous Free-mason	Taste, by S. Foote, Esq.
Hospital for Fools	Thomas and Sally
Jovial Crew	Walking Statue, or the Devil in the Wine Cellar

**P L A Y S,** 12mo. 6d each.

Æsop, by Vanbrugh	Caius Marius
Albion and Albanius	Captives, by Gay
Albion Queens, by Banks	Careless Husband
Alcibiades, by Otway	Cato, by Addison
All for Love, by Dryden	Chances
Alzira, by A. Hill, Esq.	Chaplet, by Mr. Mendez
Ambitious Step-mother	Committee, by Howard
Amboyna, by Dryden	Conquest of Granada
Amorous Widow	Conscious Lovers
Amphytrion, by Dryden	Contrivances, by Carey
Anatomist, by Ravenscroft	Country Lasses
Anna Bullen, by Banks	Cymbeline, by Shakespeare
Artful Husband	Cymbeline, altered by D. Garrick, Esq.
Artifice, by Centlivre	Devil to Pay, by Coffey
Athalie, by Duncomb	Distressed Mother
Aurengzebe, by Dryden	Don Carlos, by Otway
Basket Table	Don Sebastian
Beaux Stratagem	Double Dealer
Beggars Opera	Double Gallant
Bold Stroke for a Wife	Drummer, by Addison
Busiris, by Dr. Young	Duke of Guise
Busy Body, by Centlivre	

Duke

Duke and no Duke  
 Earl of Essex, by Banks  
 Evening's Love  
 Every Man in his Humour,  
 altered by D. Garrick,  
 Esq  
 The Quaker of Deal  
 The Penitent, by Rowe  
 The Secret  
 The Oracle, or Hob in the Well  
 The Friendship in Fashion  
 The General, by Sir R. Steele  
 The Gamester, by Mrs. Cent-  
 livre  
 Geo. Barnwell, by Lillo  
 The Greenwich Park  
 The Hamlet, by Shakespeare  
 Henry V. by Shakespeare  
 Henry V. by A. Hill, Esq.  
 The Heroic Daughter  
 The Honest Yorkshireman  
 Henry Gray, by Mr. Rowe  
 The Lone Shore, by ditto  
 The Constant, by Farquhar  
 The Indian Emperor, by Dryden  
 The Indian Queen, by ditto  
 The Princess  
 King Arthur, by Dryden  
 King Lear, by Shakespeare  
 The Ditto, by Tate  
 King John, by Shakespeare  
 The Ladies Last Stake  
 Love for Love  
 Love in a Riddle  
 Love's last Shift  
 Love makes a Man  
 The Ring Lover, by Steele  
 The Jacobeth  
 The Mourning Bride  
 The Conjuror

Old Batchelor  
 Orcanoko, by Southern  
 Orphan, by Otway  
 Othello, by Shakespeare  
 Phædra and Hippolitus  
 Polly, by Mr. Gay  
 Provoked Husband, by C.  
 Cibber, Esq.  
 Provoked Wife  
 Recruiting Officer  
 Refusal, by Cibber  
 Rehearsal, by D. of Bucks  
 Relapse, by Vanbrugh  
 Revenge, by Dr. Young  
 Richard III. altered by  
 Cibber  
 Rival Queens, by Lee  
 Romeo and Juliet, altered  
 by D. Garrick, Esq.  
 School Boy, by Cibber  
 She would and she would  
 not, by Cibber  
 Siege of Damascus  
 Sir Court. Nice by Crown  
 Sir Harry Wildair  
 Sir Walter Raleigh  
 'Squire of Alsatia  
 Stage-Coach, by Farquhar  
 Suspicious Husband  
 Tamerlane, by Rowe  
 Tender Husband, by Steele  
 Theodosius, by Lee  
 Tunbridge Walks  
 Twin Rivals, by Farquhar  
 Venice Preserved, by Otway  
 Way of the World  
 What d'ye call it  
 Wild Gallant  
 Wonder, by Centlivre  
 Zara, by A. Hill, Esq.



To the Bodleian Library,  
September 1, 1916, from  
Edward S. Dodson, of  
Jesus College in Oxford;  
who proposes William Toldeney  
as its possible author. Other  
p. 50, is one of the authors whom he  
it was wrote "The Orphan" Toldeney  
tells treat for him.

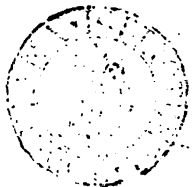
Harry Dickinson

for Book

March 11 1917

Dodson

map: midwife.  
17. (cf. p. X of The Welchman's Cantle "by Mr. Evans. 1771."  
140 tawm favourite (starew friend)  
18, 170 muskerry (an Irish Peer) 152 newgate.  
p. 116 signature of R.D. Vaughan.  
p. 180 varianed a happiness.  
in good many words beginning in un, as in Tolderay  
Mr. G. F. Barwick tells me (July 31, 1916) that  
the British Museum contains the first edition  
of this book (London: 1753), with a Dedication  
to Terraminta.



probably "R.D. Vaughan"  
as on page 116.

GARAGE.

BILLIARDS.



**JOHN DAVIES,**  
PROPRIETOR

*Feat*

*To Bodley's Librarian*

*Dear Sir, I send  
to the University  
" Evelyn Lewis " (also  
History of Fanny  
The latter, for a*





